

VOL. 4 NO. 12

MARCH 1945

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THE SHADOW - NICK CARTER - DOC SAVAGE

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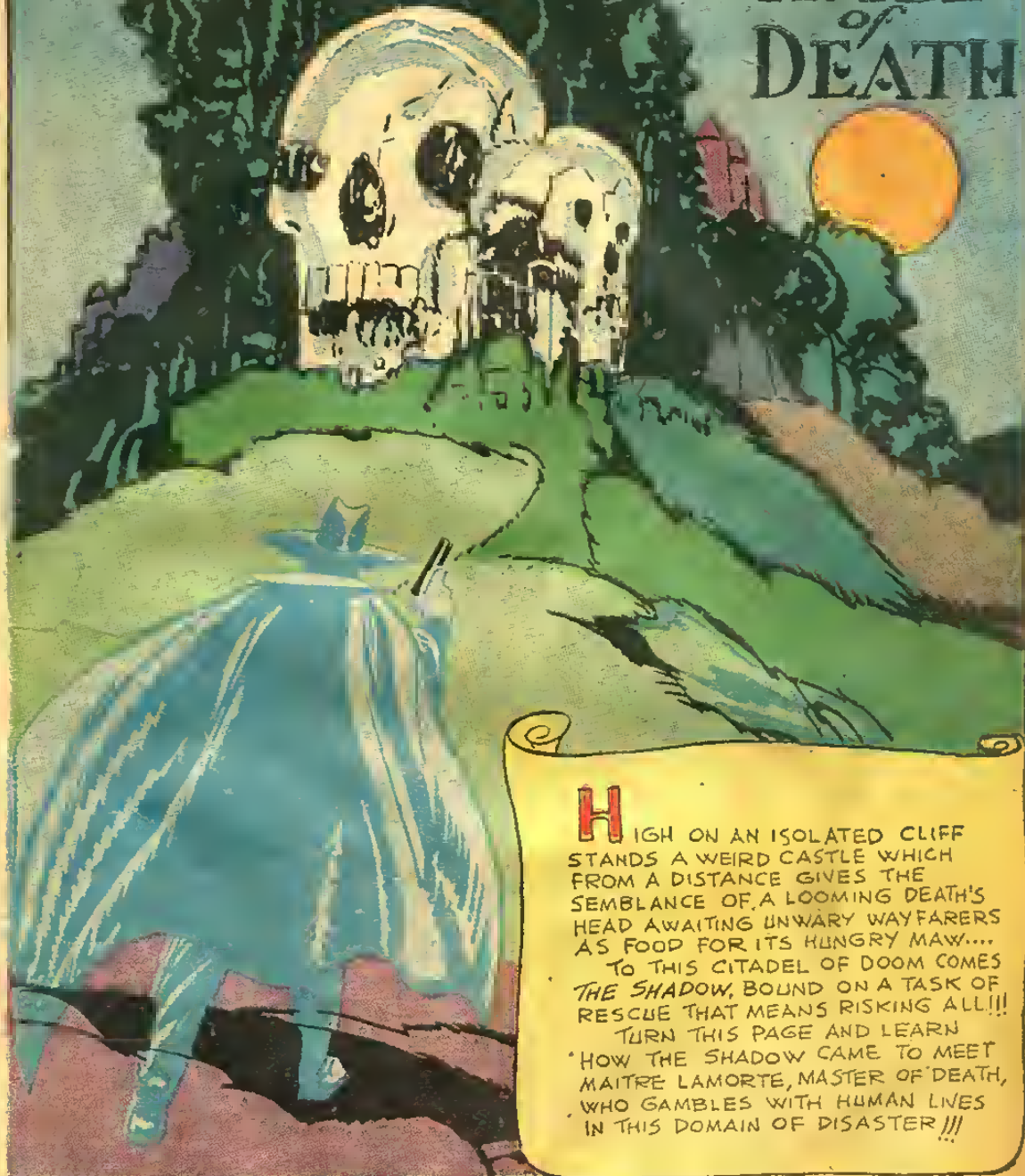
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Name.....
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The Shadow Invades

NO. 4 & PAY 197

The CASTLE of DEATH

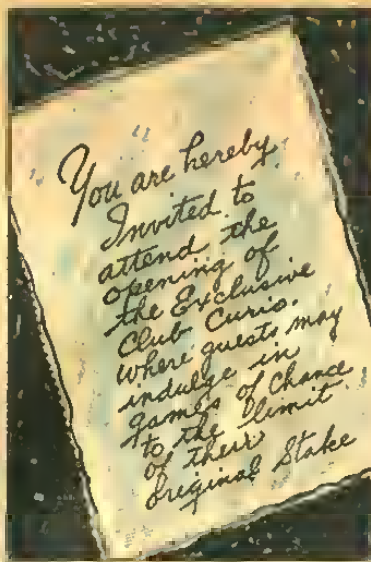


HIGH ON AN ISOLATED CLIFF STANDS A WEIRD CASTLE WHICH FROM A DISTANCE GIVES THE SEMBLANCE OF A LOOMING DEATH'S HEAD AWAITING UNWARY WAYFARERS AS FOOD FOR ITS HUNGRY MAW....

TO THIS CITADEL OF DOOM COMES **THE SHADOW**, BOUND ON A TASK OF RESCUE THAT MEANS RISKING ALL!!!

TURN THIS PAGE AND LEARN HOW **THE SHADOW** CAME TO MEET MAITRE LAMORTE, MASTER OF DEATH, WHO GAMBLES WITH HUMAN LIVES IN THIS DOMAIN OF DISASTER!!!

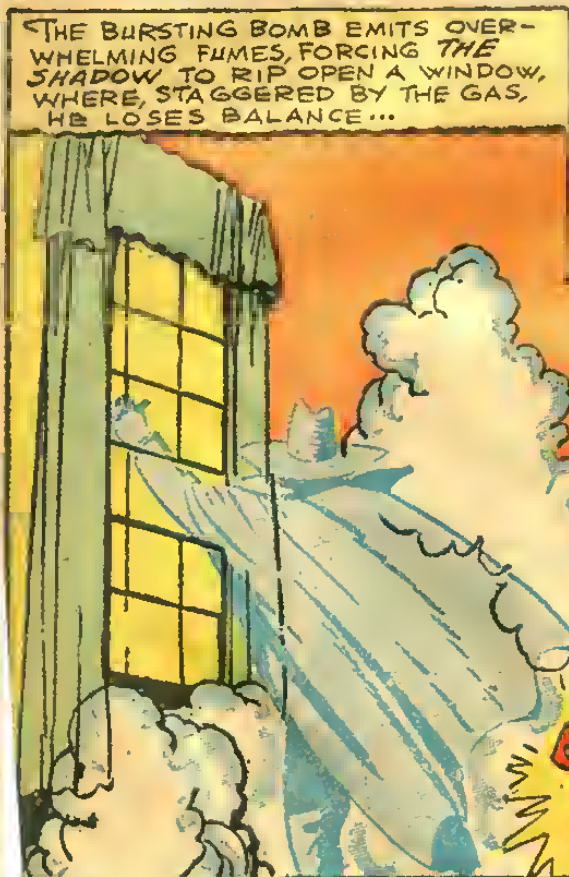
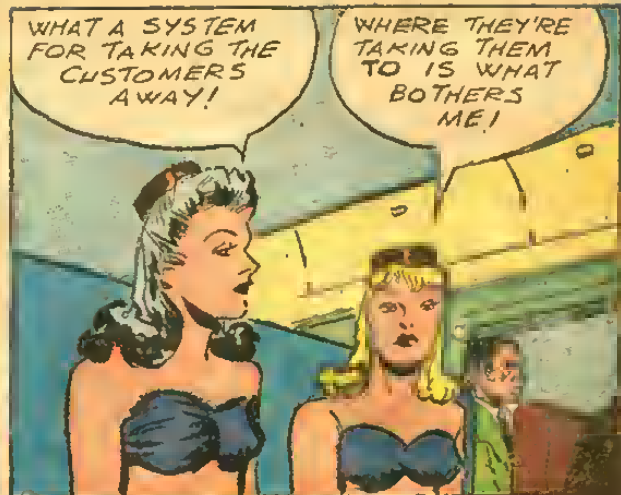
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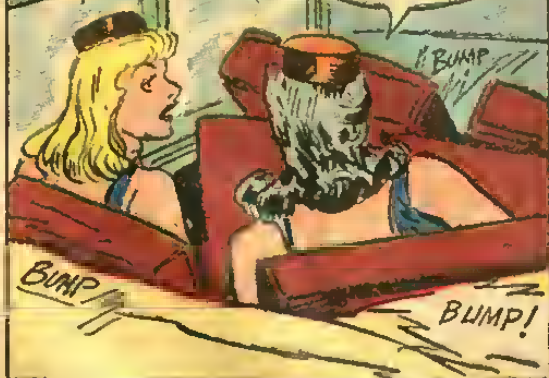


THE SHADOW'S PLUNGE CARRIES HIM DOWN INTO THE ALLEY AS THE BUS EMERGES FROM THE SECRET GARAGE...



HEY! DID SOMETHING LAND ON TOP OF THIS BUS?

NO. IT WAS JUST THE CURB THAT JOUNCED THESE RUBBER CUSHIONS.

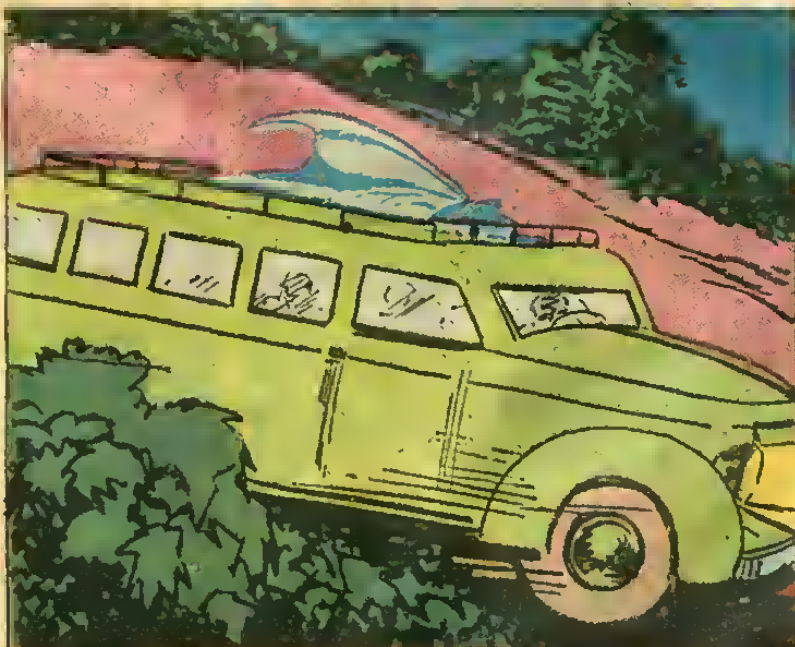


WELL WE MAY AS WELL GET SETTLED FOR WHATEVER IS GOING TO HAPPEN LATER

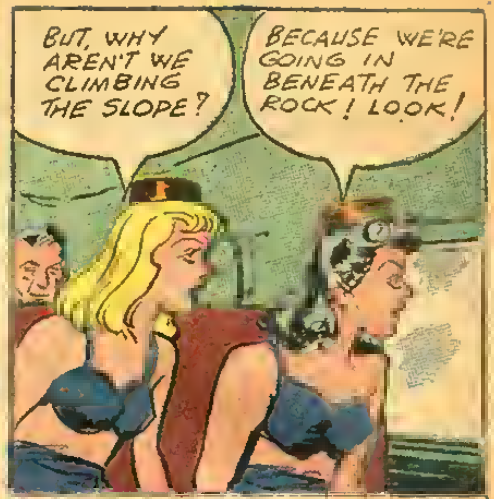
PARTICULARLY BECAUSE THE SHADOW WON'T BE ALONG TO HELP US OUT!

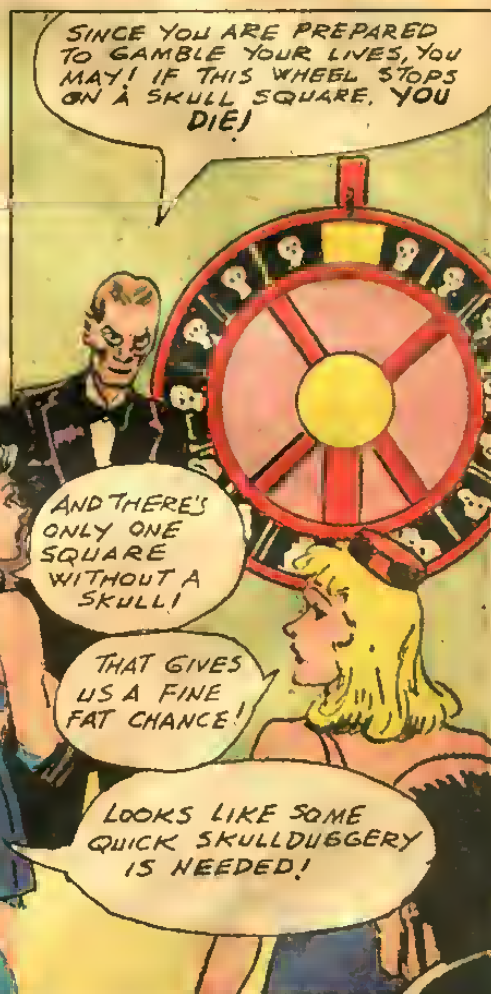


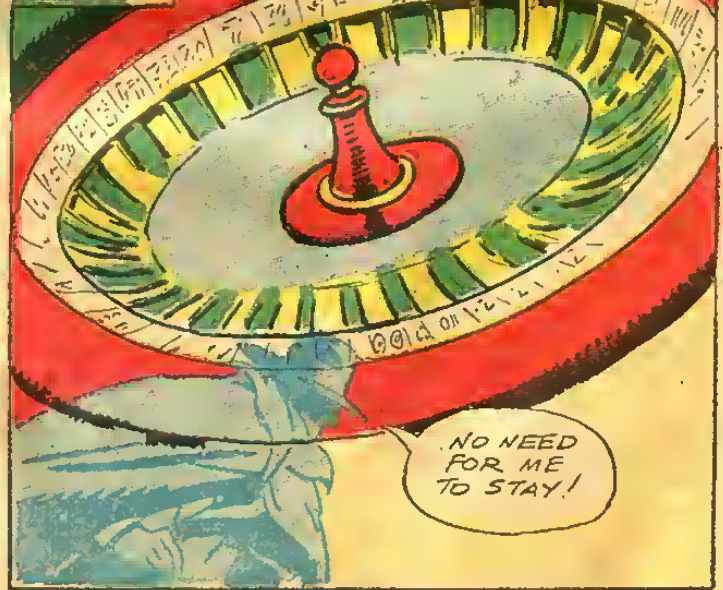
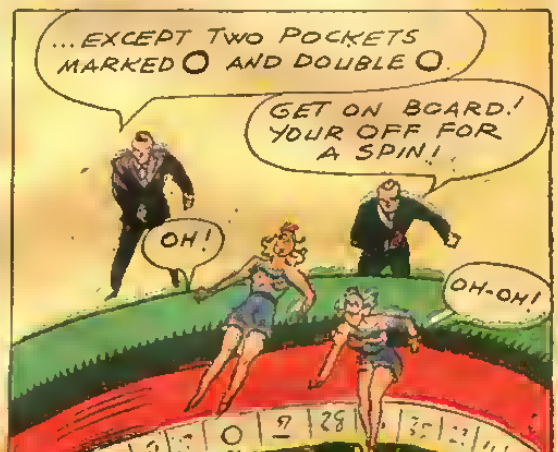
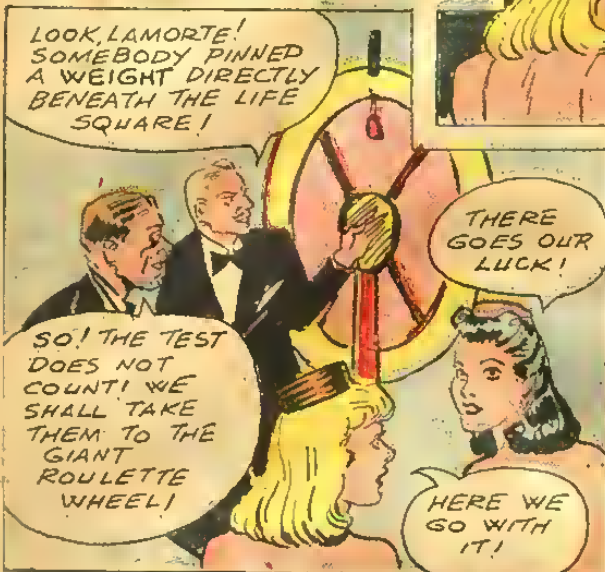
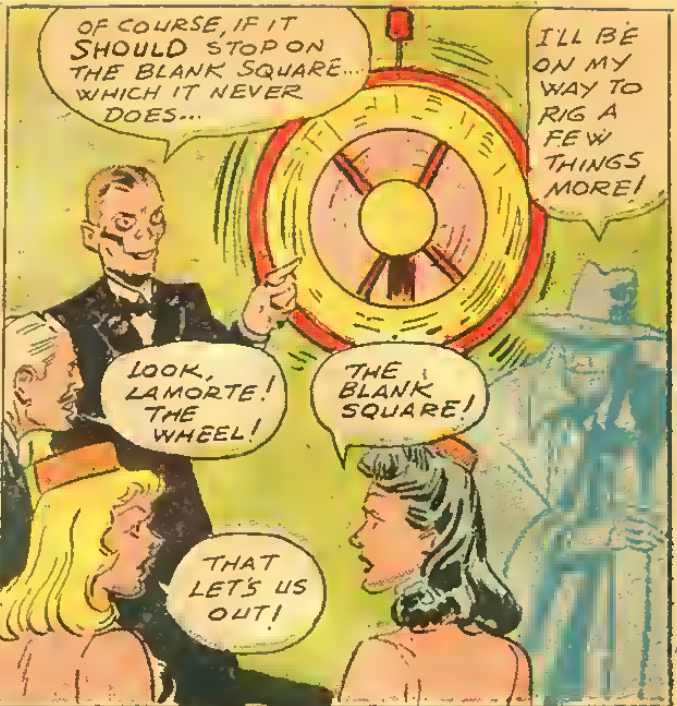
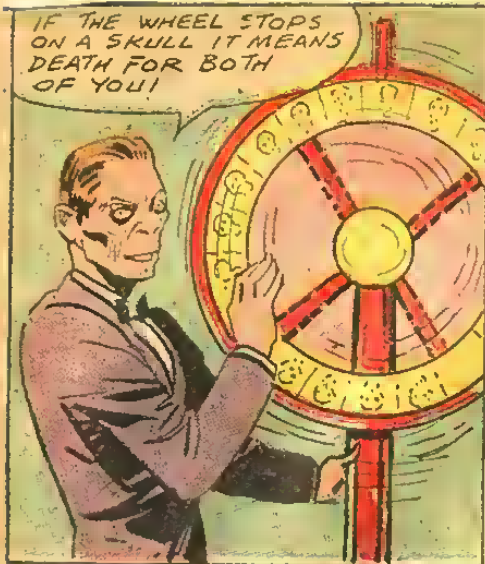
MARGO IS WRONG!!
THOUGH UNCONSCIOUS OF THE FACT, THAT THE SHADOW, TOO, IS TAKING THIS STRANGE JOURNEY, AN UNSEEN PASSENGER ATOP THE MYSTERY BUS !!!

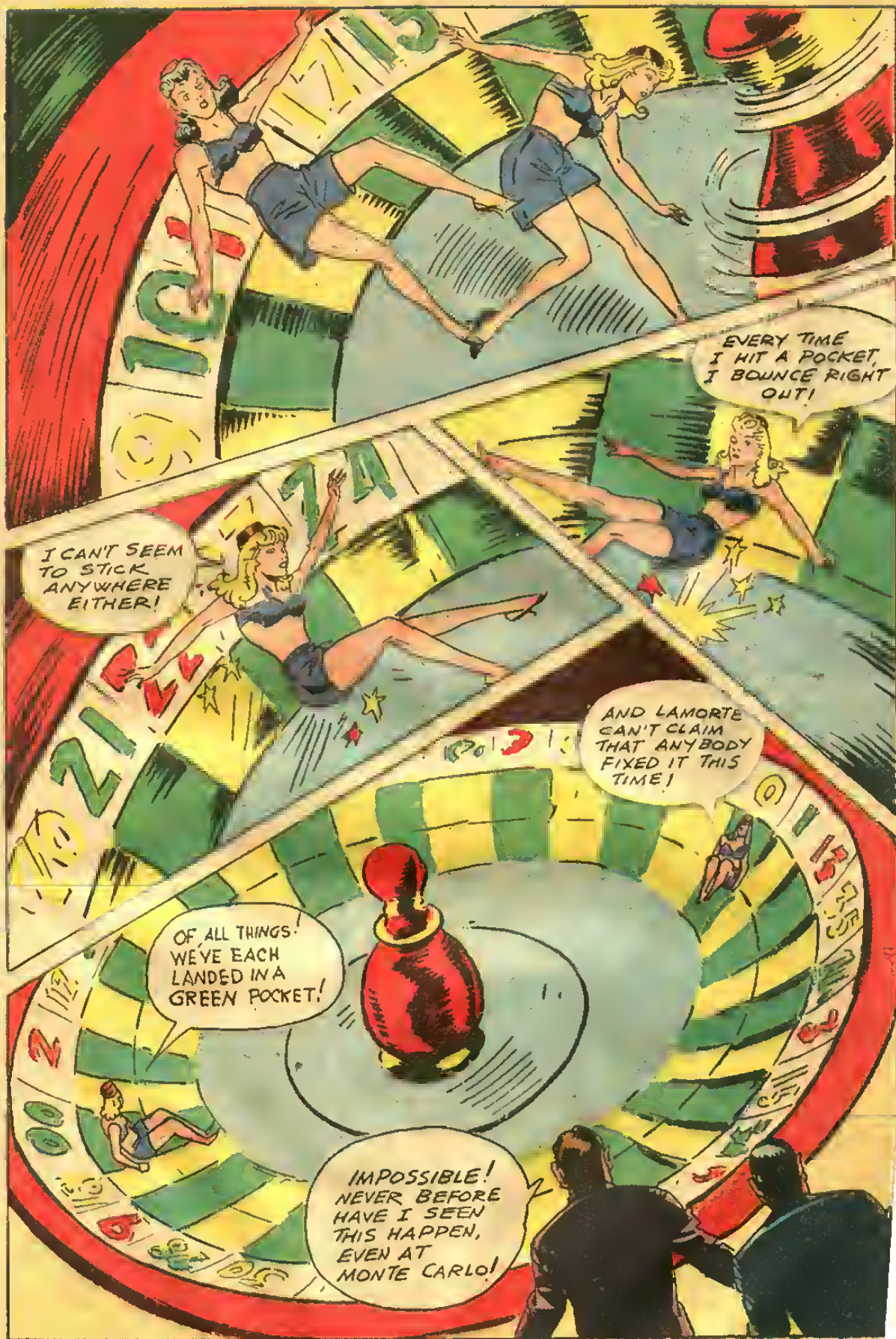


WILL THE SWIFT AIR REVIVE THE SHADOW AS THE BUS RACES ACROSS THE SILENT-COUNTRY SIDE? WHAT IS TO BE THE DESTINATION AND WHAT AWAITS THERE? TURN THIS PAGE AND SEE !!!









EVERY TIME
I HIT A POCKET,
I BOUNCE RIGHT
OUT!

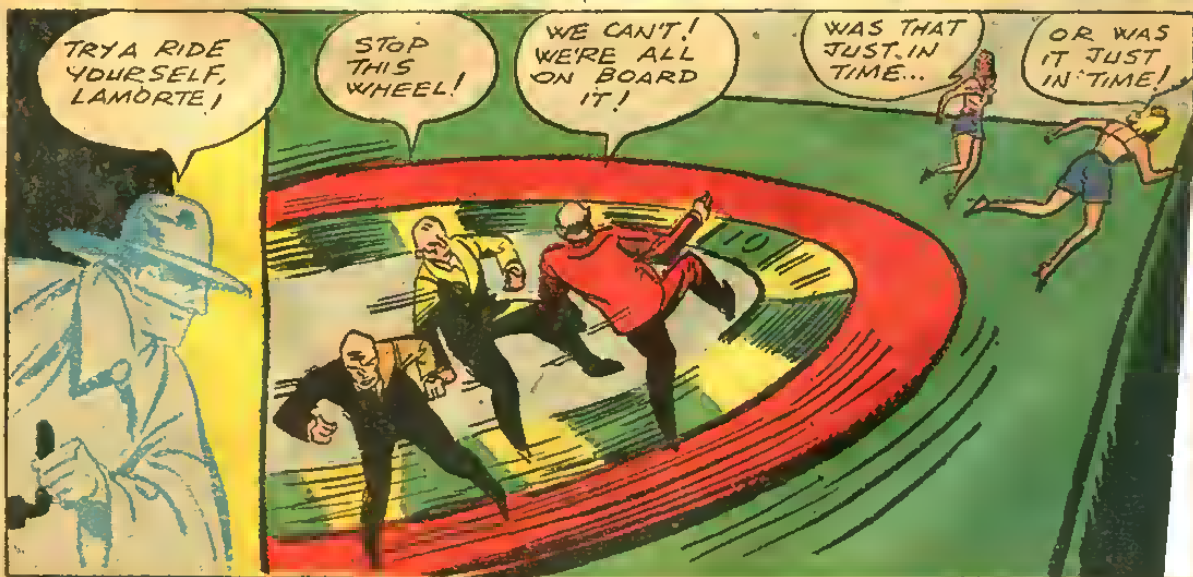
I CAN'T SEEM
TO STICK
ANYWHERE
EITHER!

AND LAMORTE
CAN'T CLAIM
THAT ANYBODY
FIXED IT THIS
TIME!

OF ALL THINGS!
WE'VE EACH
LANDED IN A
GREEN POCKET!

IMPOSSIBLE!
NEVER BEFORE
HAVE I SEEN
THIS HAPPEN,
EVEN AT
MONTE CARLO!







SEE YOU IN A MONTH OR SO, LAMORTE... OR WHAT'S LEFT OF YOU!

HERE'S THE BUS ALL READY FOR US!

WHAT'S HAPPENED TO THE CUSHIONS?

WHO CARES?

ALL THE BUS NEEDS IS A DRIVER!

AND SO THE SHADOW DEPARTS FROM THE CASTLE WHERE DEATH FAILED, LEAVING LAMORTE, MASTER OF DOOM, TO WHATEVER FATE HIS OWN WHEEL DECIDES!!!

SAY... THIS BUS IS DRIVING ITSELF!

MAYBE IT'S AUTOMATIC, LIKE LAMORTE'S WHEEL!

IT'S LIKE TO KNOW WHO FIXED LAMORTE!

I HAVE AN IDEA ONE WILL BE RIGHT ALONG!

THAT'S SOMETHING ONLY THE SHADOW KNOWS!

THE WHEEL OF CRIME
SPINS ON

AND

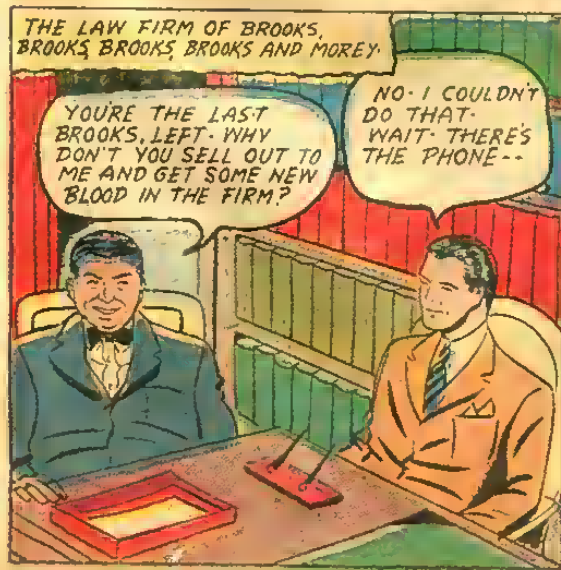
THE COINS OF
FENG HUANG

PROVIDE THE NEXT
THRILLING ADVENTURE
OF

THE SHADOW

FOR APRIL

ON SALE FEBRUARY 23rd



THE PATERLATE COUNTRY HOME...

HUH! LOOK AT THAT!
I RECKON THERE IS
TROUBLE AFOOT!!

LOOK AT WHAT?
I DON'T SEE
ANYTHING!!

MY! ISN'T THIS A SURPRISE?
OF ALL PEOPLE! I NEVER
EXPECTED TO SEE YOU
TWO!

B-BUT--
DIDN'T YOU
PHONE ME
FOR HELP?

OH-DEAR ME, NO!
MATTER OF FACT-
THE SNOW HAS
BROKEN OUR PHONE
WIRE! I COULDN'T
HAVE!

HOW VERY STRANGE.

I'M AFRAID WE'LL HAVE
TO STAY-EVEN WITHOUT AN
INVITATION-THE SNOW IS
GETTING WORSE EVERY
MINUTE!!

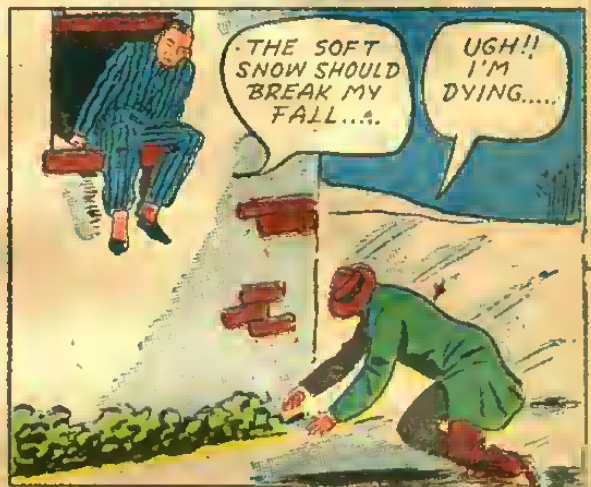
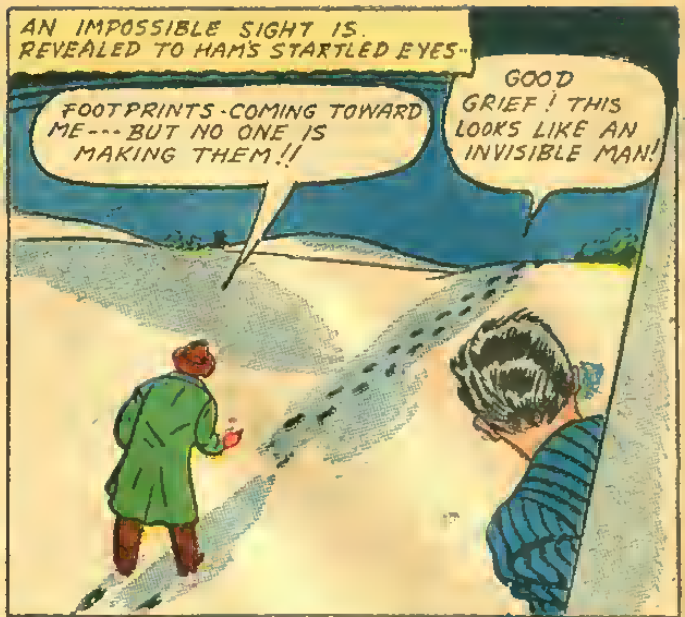
MR.
BROOKS
AND MR.
MOREY, MEET
MISS PETTY AND
MR. CRANT--

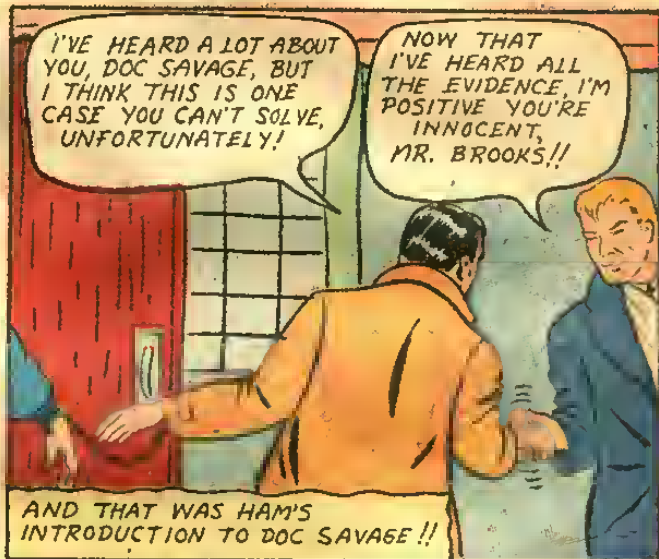
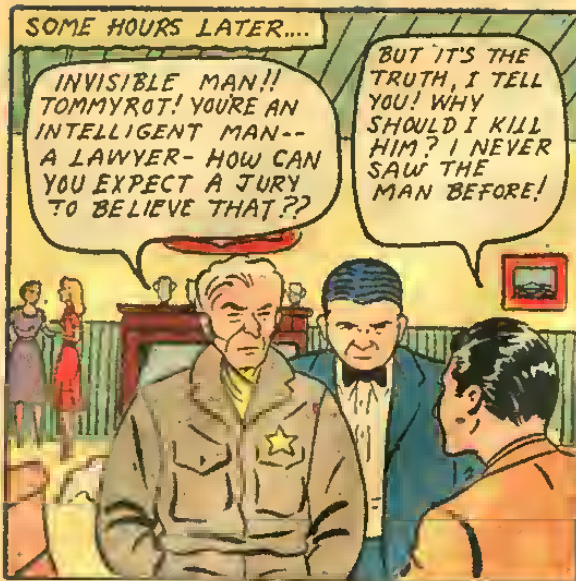
HELLO
MOREY-NEVER
EXPECTED TO SEE
YOU IN THIS
FORSAKEN HOLE-
THOUGHT YOU
HAD MORE
SENSE!

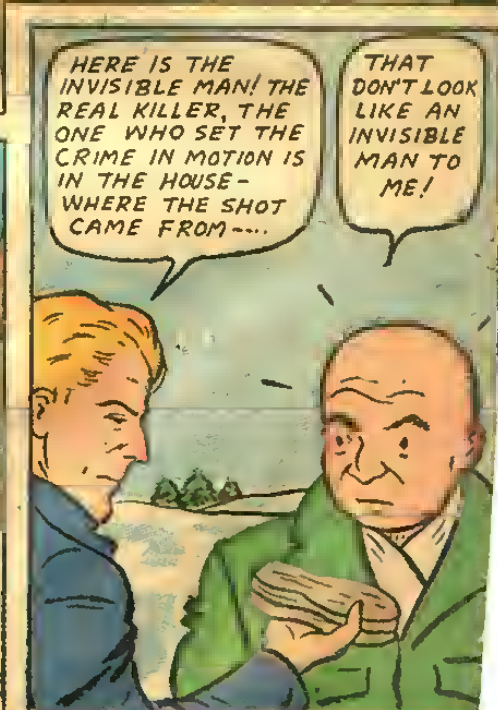
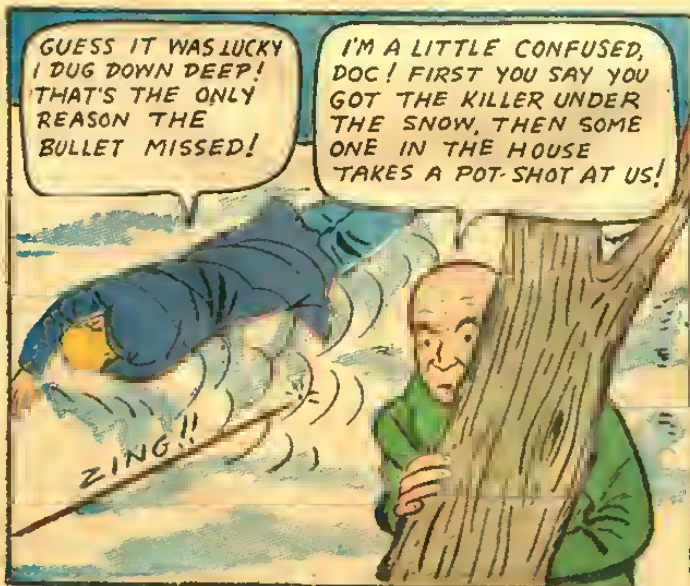
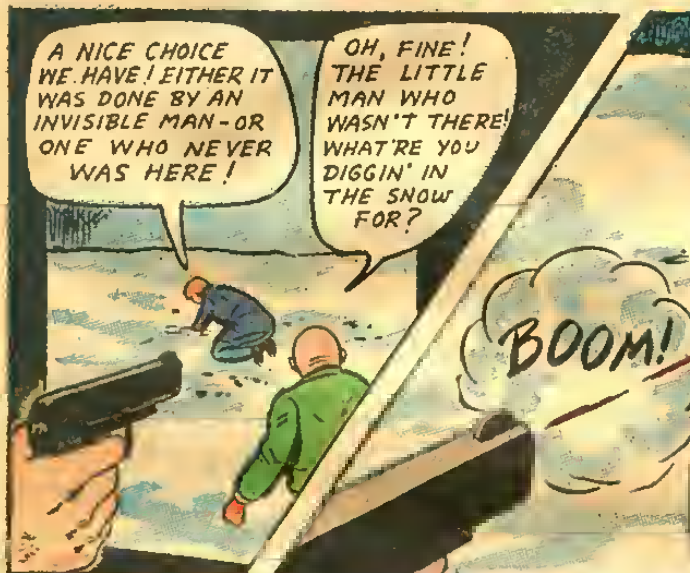
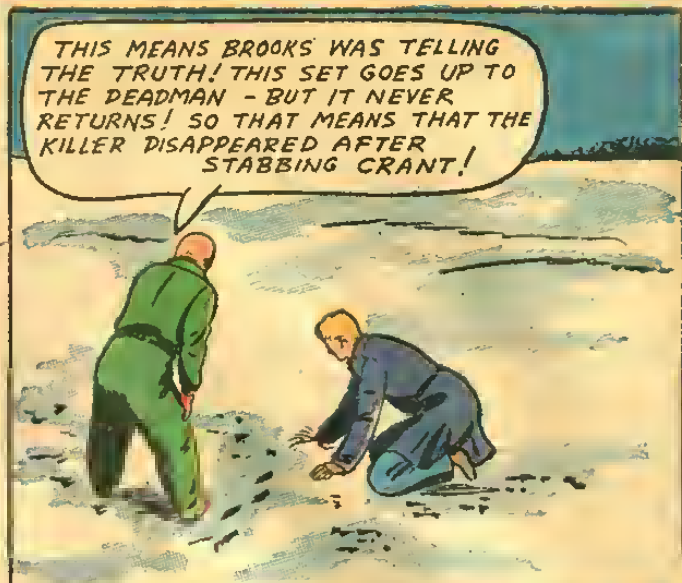
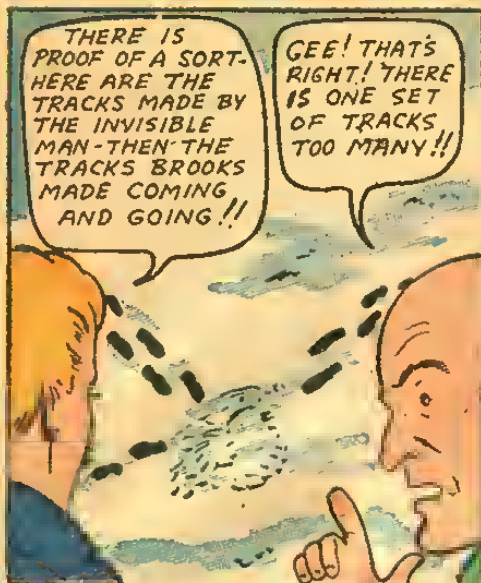
NEEDS
MUST, WHEN
THE DEVIL
DRIVES...

I CAN'T FIGURE THIS OUT-AM I
GETTING HALLUCINATIONS? A PHONE
CALL THAT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN MADE-I
SAW THE SHADOW OF A HANGMAN'S NOOSE,
AND MOREY DIDN'T! WELL, IT MAY ALL
STRAIGHTEN OUT TOMORROW....

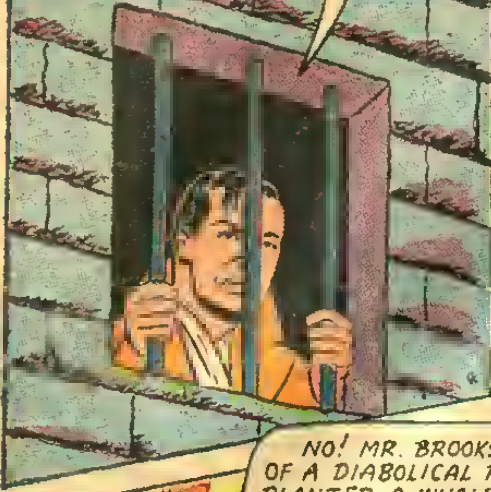
HAM BROOKS RETIRES THAT NIGHT
A VERY PUZZLED MAN...







IF DOC SAVAGE GETS ME OUT OF THIS MESS, ALTHOUGH I DON'T SEE HOW EVEN HE CAN--I'LL SHOW HIM MY GRATITUDE--I'LL JOIN HIM IN HIS CRUSADE AGAINST CRIME!!



LIKE ALL STROKES OF GENIUS--OUR KILLER'S DEVICE WAS SUPERBLY SIMPLE!

THEN YOU KNOW WHO DID IT?



WAS IT THAT NICE LAWYER, MR. BROOKS?

NO! MR. BROOKS WAS THE VICTIM OF A DIABOLICAL PLOT! THE MURDERER PLANTED A WHOLE STRING OF THESE BOXES OUTSIDE AND COVERED THEM WITH SNOW---



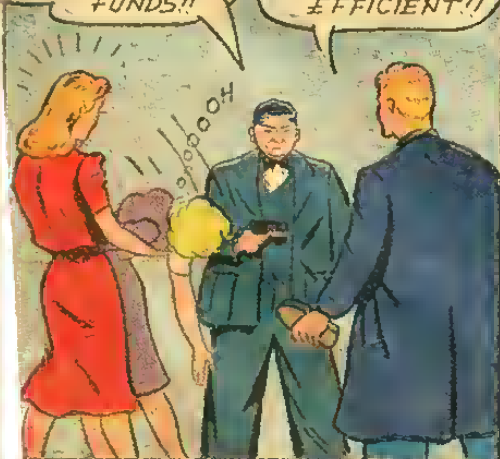
BLAST YOU, DOC SAVAGE! I HAD THAT HAYSEED SHERIFF FOOLED NICELY! WHY DID YOU HAVE TO BUTT IN? NOW I'LL HAVE TO KILL ALL OF YOU!

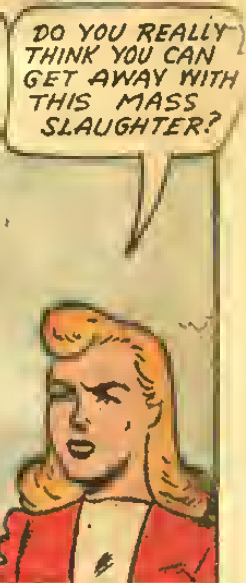
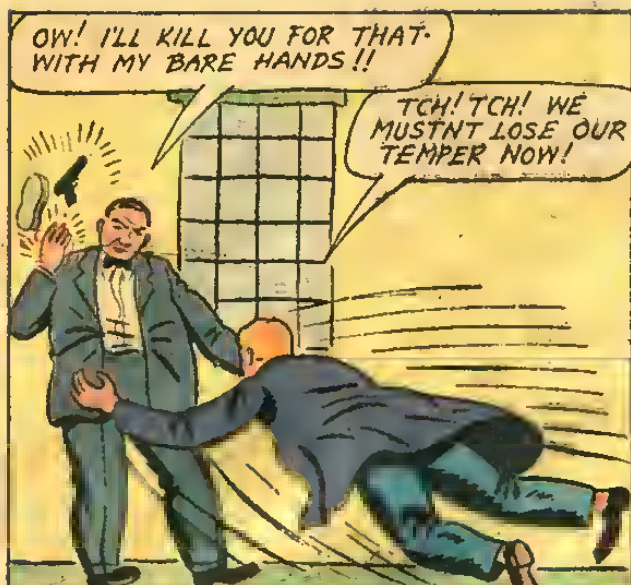
I HAD TO DO IT! BROOKS WOULDN'T SELL OUT TO ME--AND CRANT WAS THE STATE EXAMINER OF THE BOOKS OF THE CONCERN. HE KNEW I'D BEEN TAMPERING WITH SOME TRUST FUNDS!!

SO YOU TOOK CARE OF BOTH OF THEM WITH ONE CRIME-- KILL CRANT AND FRAME BROOKS FOR THE MURDER-- VERY EFFICIENT!!

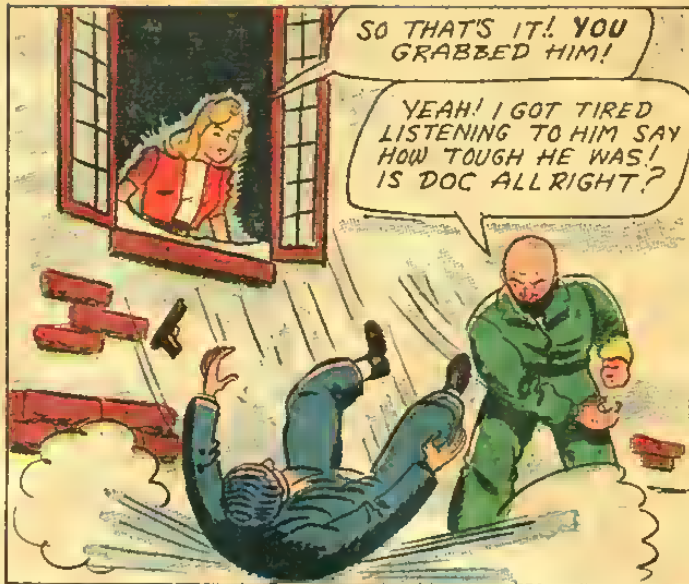
DON'T MOVE-- OR I'LL---

HERE, CATCH!!





BUT AS MOREY'S FINGER TIGHTENS ON THE TRIGGER.....



THANKS, MONK- GLAD I PLANTED YOU OUTSIDE THE WINDOW IN CASE HE MADE A BREAK-- NOW AS I WAS SAYING WHEN I WAS SO RUDELY INTERRUPTED--

YEAH, DOC, WHAT IS THE GAG ON THE BOX THAT'S SHAPED LIKE A FOOT?

MOREY PLANTED A STRING OF THESE IN THE SNOW- WHEN HE SAW CRANT WALK OUT HE RELEASED SOME CHEMICALS BY A STRING FASTENED TO THESE BOXES. THE CHEMICALS COMBINED AND GAVE OFF HEAT--

THE HEAT MELTED THE SNOW---

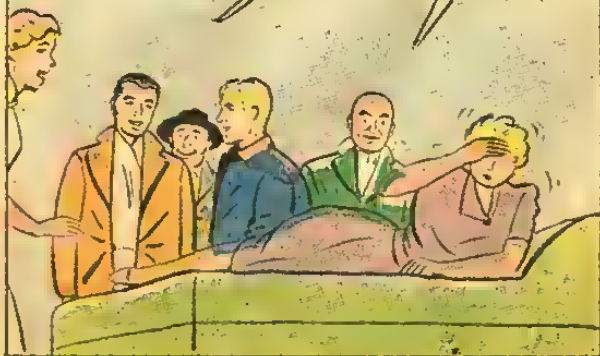
I THOUGHT CRANT SAID "THE MORE THE MERRIER, BUT WHEN I THOUGHT ABOUT IT IN JAIL, I REALIZED HE WAS TRYING TO SAY "MOREY IS THE MURDERER". THEN I REALIZED MOREY HAD HAD A CONFEDERATE PHONE ME --TO GET US OUT HERE---

WELL! MRS PATERLATE IS FINALLY COMING TO!

HO! HO! I ALWAYS SAY- PATERLATE THAN NEVER!

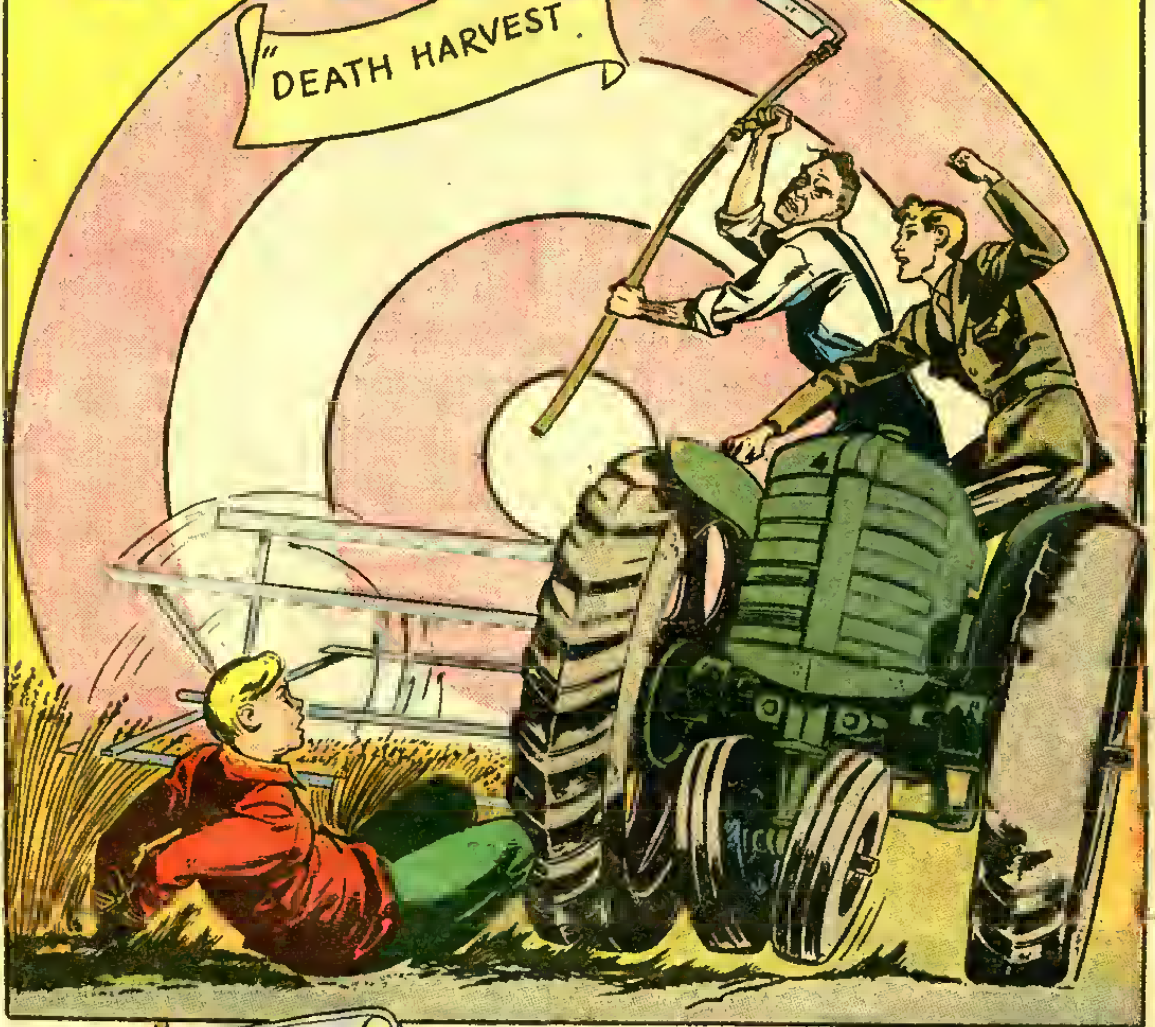
-AND MADE IT LOOK LIKE SOMEONE WAS WALKING- WHEN THE FOOTPRINTS REACHED CRANT, MOREY THREW A KNIFE INTO HIM FROM THE HOUSE!

SO BROOKS WAS RIGHT! HE FIGURED OUT WHAT CRANT TRIED TO SAY WHEN HE WAS DYING!



CHICK CARTER

"DEATH HARVEST"



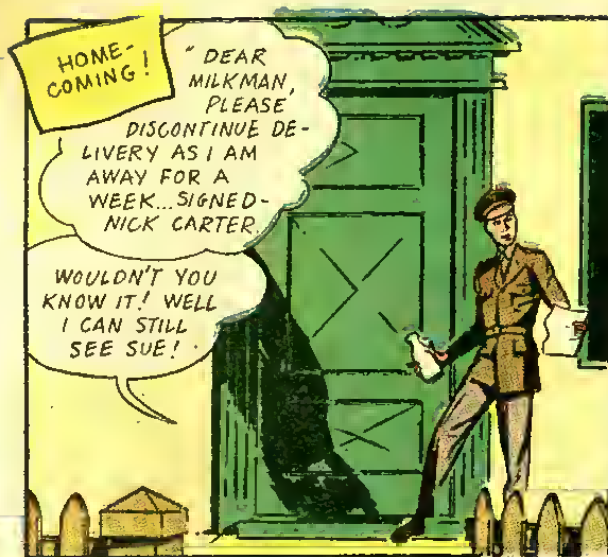
JOHN
MEDITZ--

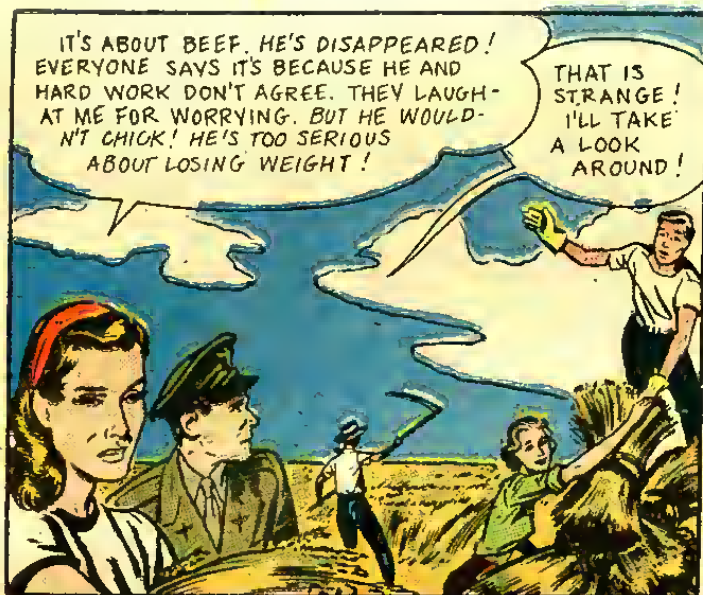
PLANT A SEED,
WATER IT.. GIVE IT
SOME TIME AND A
PLANT WILL GROW.
PLANT A CRIME,
AND YOU'RE LIABLE TO
HARVEST DEATH!
ESPECIALLY WHEN
THAT CHIP OFF THE
OLD BLOCK, CHICK
CARTER, TAKES A
HAND IN THE GATHER-
ING OF THE
CRIME CROP!

24
HOUR
PASS...

I CAN BE HOME IN
TWO HOURS.. GEE, I CAN
HARDLY WAIT TILL I SEE
SUE.... AND BEEF AND THE
CLUB TOO! AND
WON'T NICK BE
PLEASED!







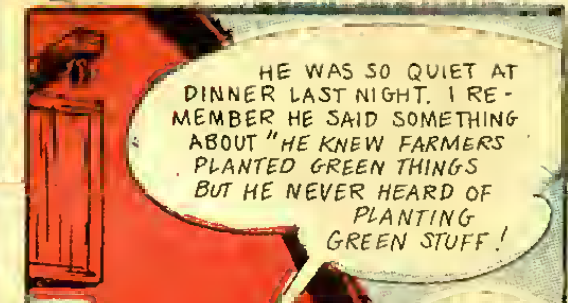
IT'S ABOUT BEEF. HE'S DISAPPEARED! EVERYONE SAYS IT'S BECAUSE HE AND HARD WORK DON'T AGREE. THEY LAUGH-AT ME FOR WORRYING. BUT HE WOULDN'T CHICK! HE'S TOO SERIOUS ABOUT LOSING WEIGHT!

THAT IS STRANGE! I'LL TAKE A LOOK AROUND!



HE SLEPT HERE WITH THE OTHER BOYS. THIS MORNING HE WAS GONE! HE WOULDN'T HAVE LEFT WITHOUT SAYING GOOD-BYE TO ME!

NOT UNLESS HE WAS ASHAMED AND WAS CLEARING OUT!



HE WAS SO QUIET AT DINNER LAST NIGHT. I REMEMBER HE SAID SOMETHING ABOUT "HE KNEW FARMERS PLANTED GREEN THINGS BUT HE NEVER HEARD OF PLANTING GREEN STUFF!"



PLANTING GREEN STUFF! I WONDER.. SUE, CAN YOU SHOW ME WHERE BEEF WORKED?



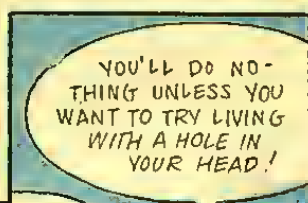
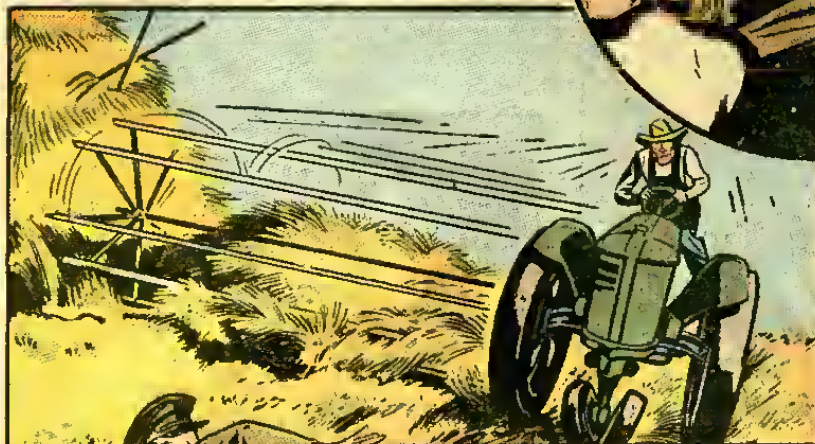
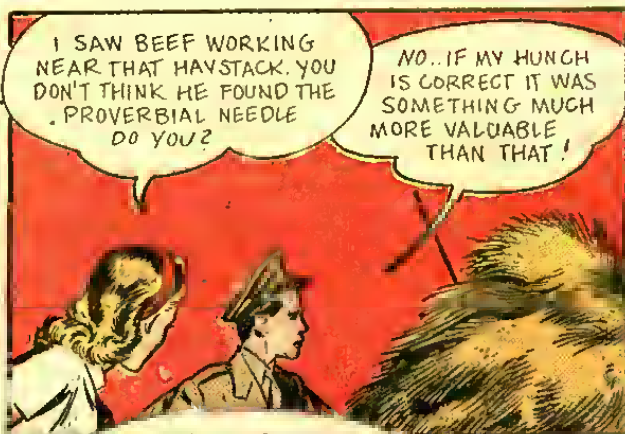
MAYBE GEORGE WASHINGTON DIDN'T SLEEP HERE, BUT, BEEF DID! HERE'S ONE OF HIS CANDY WRAPPERS!

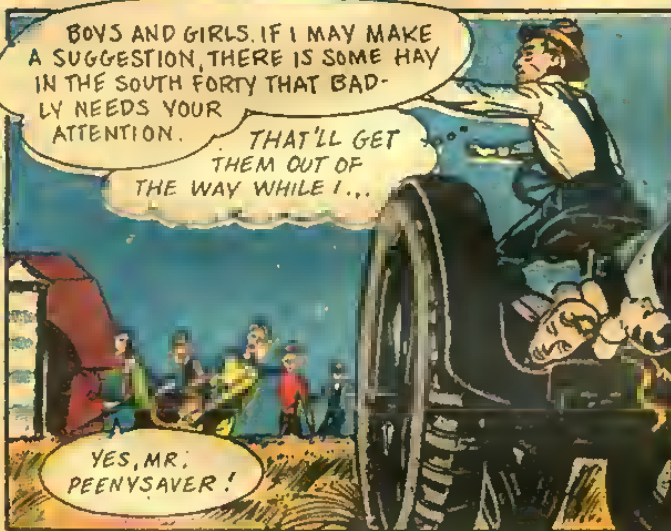
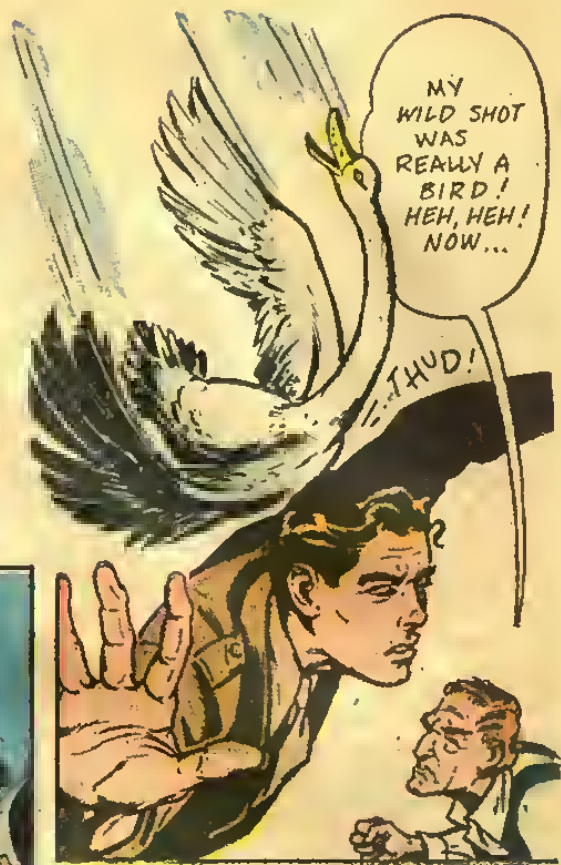
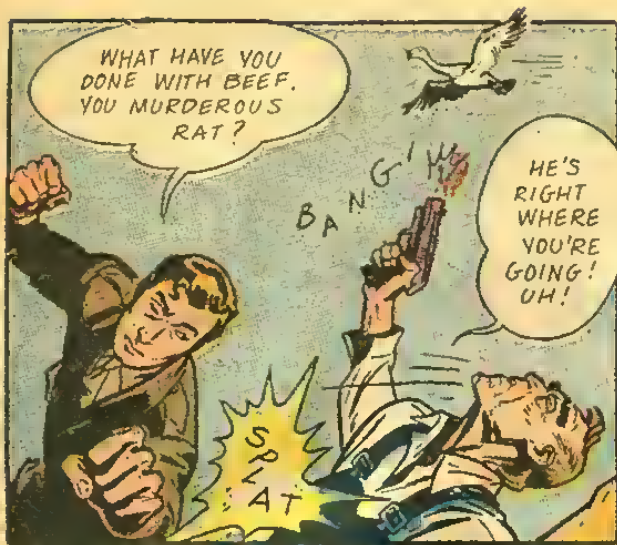
HE FIBBED TO ME! SAID HE WAS OFF CANDY. SO HE WAS EATING IT AT NIGHT! JUST WAIT TILL I GET MY HANDS ON HIM!



SUE! YOU'RE RIGHT! THERE IS SOME KIND OF DIRTY WORK AFOOT! SEE.. HE'S TORN THE LETTERS "HELP" IN THIS WRAPPER! BUT THERE'S NO CLUE TO WHAT THE TROUBLE IS!

OH POOR BEEF! EVERYTHING HAPPENS TO HIM!



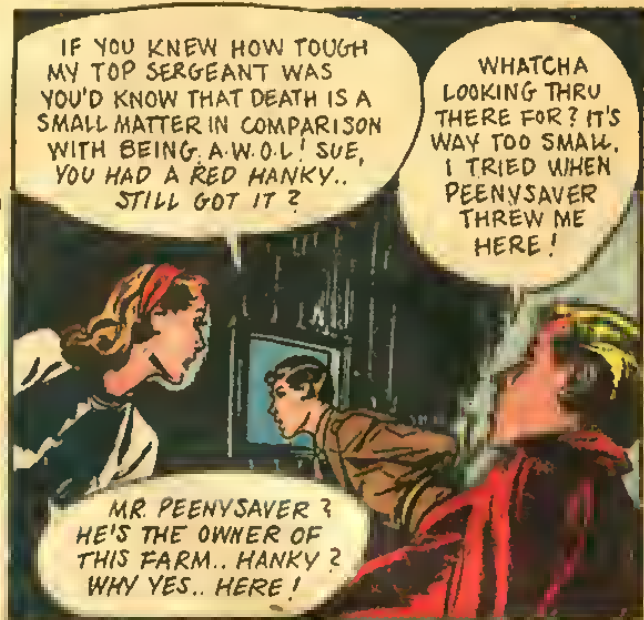




JUST ABOUT! I HAVEN'T EATEN SINCE LAST NIGHT! AND IF WE'RE GOING TO BE TOASTED I'M GONNA DIE HUNGRY!

GOOD GRIEF! MY PASS! IT'S ONLY GOOD TILL...

OH FINE! WE'RE IN DANGER OF DYING AND HE WORRIES ABOUT BEING A.W.O.L.!



IF YOU KNEW HOW TOUGH MY TOP SERGEANT WAS YOU'D KNOW THAT DEATH IS A SMALL MATTER IN COMPARISON WITH BEING A.W.O.L! SUE, YOU HAD A RED HANKY.. STILL GOT IT?

WHATCHA LOOKING THRU THERE FOR? IT'S WAY TOO SMALL. I TRIED WHEN PEENYSAVER THREW ME HERE!

MR. PEENYSAVER? HE'S THE OWNER OF THIS FARM.. HANKY? WHY YES.. HERE!



KINDA HARD TALKING WITH A MOUTHFUL.. I JUST DROPPED THE RED HANDKERCHIEF THERE'S A HILL DOWN THERE AND...

HURRAY! HE SEES IT AND IS HE MAD! NOW IF ONLY SOMEONE COMES TO SEE WHAT THE TROUBLE IS!



POOR CHICK! I GUESS HIS BRAIN FINALLY SNAPPED UNDER THE STRAIN!

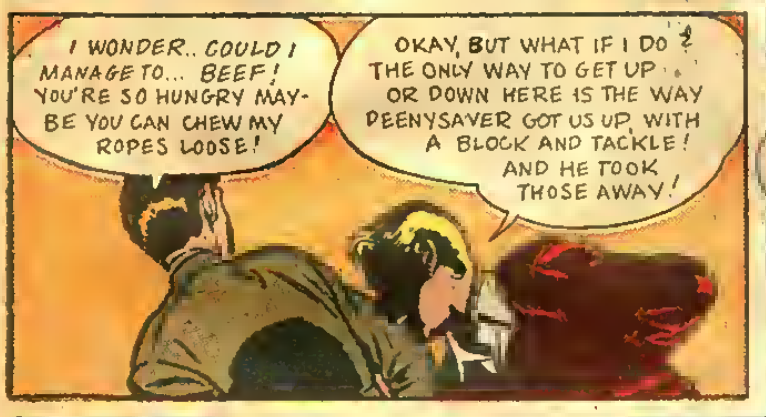
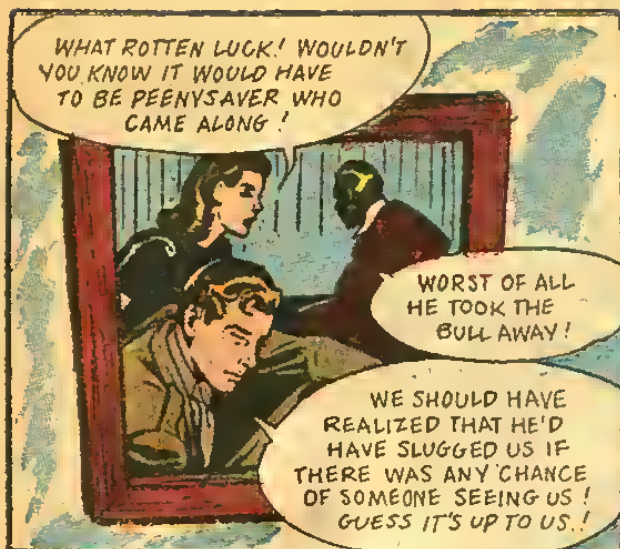
UMPH! PHLAWK!

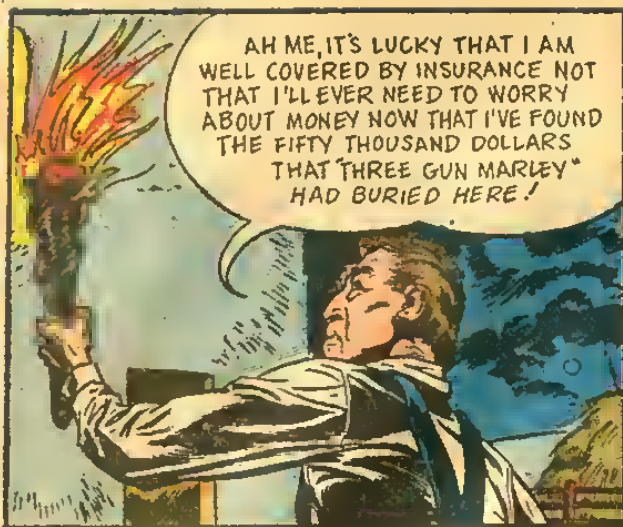
CHICK! WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO?



SUE! I THINK I SEE SOMEONE COMING!

HELP!



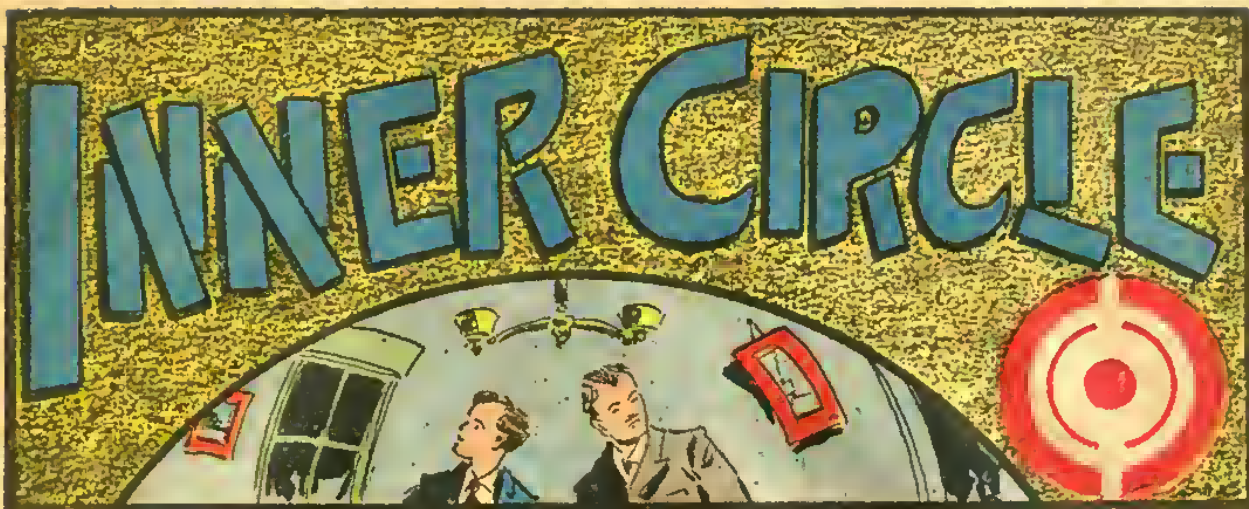


NOW, YOU TOO, CAN JOIN



YES, BOYS AND GIRLS—NOW YOU ARE ELIGIBLE FOR MEMBERSHIP IN THE CHICK CARTER INNER CIRCLE. THIS WONDERFUL CLUB HAS MEMBERS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY... ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS SEND 10¢ AND YOU'LL RECEIVE A MEMBERSHIP CARD, A SUPPLY OF INNER CIRCLE STICKERS TO LEAVE AS CLUES TO YOUR WHEREABOUTS FOR OTHER CLUB MEMBERS, AND FULL INFORMATION ABOUT THE MYSTIC INNER CIRCLE.

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 67 W. 44th STREET
 NEW YORK 18, NEW YORK



THE CURIOUS SHOT!

As Nick Carter spoke the room in which the Inner Circle always met seemed to fade away. In its stead, the members saw the scene that Nick was describing. In their imaginations they saw a room.

It was probably the strangest room that man had ever constructed. Nick and Chick, this was before Chick went into the Air Cadets, tiptoed across the deep rug which almost tickled their ankles. The room was circular. The walls curved around them. But that wasn't all. Not only were the walls circular but the room itself was globular. It was like walking in a fish globe.

The walls were hung with black drapes. The only light that relieved the gloom came from one tiny window high in the wall. The fading sun did its feeble best to try to pierce the darkness but to no avail, it was swallowed up by the blackness.

"Brrr," said Chick. "This is a nice place not to be!"

"We'll leave as soon as I've examined the body." Nick was terse because he was worried. He made his way to the strangely slumped body of a man.

Nick looked from the bullet hole that made a third eye in the center of the dead man's forehead to the little window high in the wall.

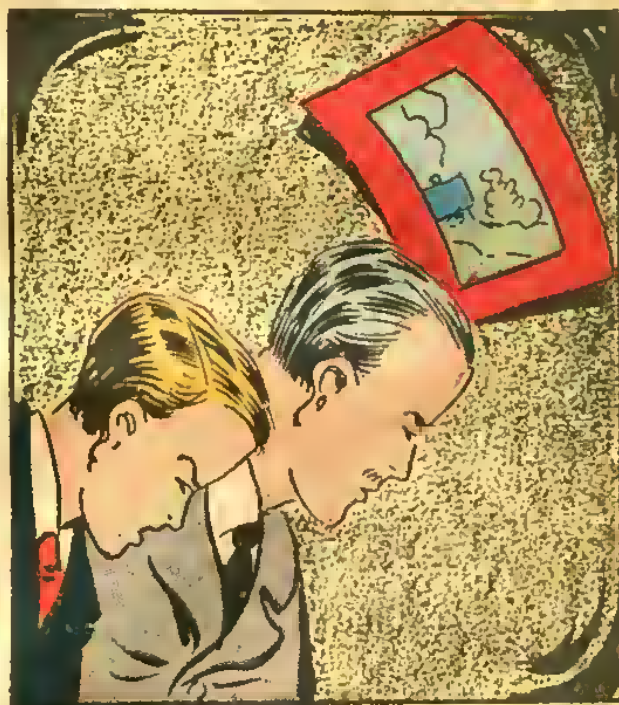
Chick said, "The shot came from the window, didn't it?"

"It should have, because the butler said that no one entered this room after Mr Bland did. Seemingly it must have come from there but I don't think it did!" Nick

did not seem happy about the situation.

Chick glanced from the dead body to the window and then his eyes flicked around the room. "There's only one door." He said it quietly, thoughtfully, then continued, "And only that one window. The butler had his eye on the door all the time until the shot rang out and no one came in. I don't get it!"

Chick paused in bemusement and then asked, "How come Bland was in this



room all by himself? What was he doing?

Nick turned as he prepared to leave the room. "Bland was at his devotions. No one was allowed to disturb him. He was a bug on Eastern religions. He'd come in here and go through some mumbo-jumbo

that he thought would make a better man of him!"

Chick followed close on Nick's heels as Nick left the room.

"Wait for me," he said. "I don't want to stay in here alone. Why don't you think the shot came from above, from the window, the only place, seemingly, that it could have?"

"For one small reason," said Nick. "Because the shot entered his body from below. The angle of entry of the bullet makes it look as though he were shot by someone laying on the ground!"

That shut Chick up for a while. He didn't say a word all the while that Nick questioned the servants. He was silent while Nick questioned the three guests, Mr Abernathy, Mr Boon and Mr Vindex.

He finally spoke when he and Nick were again alone.

"What do you make of the suspects?" he asked.

"I give the servants a clean bill of health," Nick answered. "The guilty party is either Boon, Vindex or Abernathy. Not one of them has a shadow of an alibi. Vindex was responsible for the murdered man's interest in curious religions. Abernathy was the architect who designed the globular room so that Bland could concentrate properly. Boon is, or was, Bland's business partner. You pays your money and you takes your choice! Who do you nominate?"

"My nomination," said Chick, "is the invisible man who could enter a door, lay down on the floor, shoot Bland and then, still invisible, make his getaway!"

Nick chuckled. "You're still worried about the angle of the shot, eh? I figured that out. Once I knew how Bland was shot, why almost automatically I knew who the killer was most likely to be. The only unfortunate thing is that I haven't a shred of proof!"

Chick looked mournful. "Now I know," he said. "how Beef and Sue feel when I've figured out a case that they can't!"

"Don't be so down in the mouth," said Nick. "you have until I figure out some way of pinning this on the killer; to reason out the method. Let's see. . . ."

While Nick sat chin in hand and tried to

think, Chick mimicked him and tried to solve the case of the impossible shot.

Nick suddenly snapped his fingers. "I have it!" he said. "Or at least I hope I have! Come on!"

Chick looked at the three men who sat at their ease while Nick spoke to them. Chick thought. Vindex? Is it him or maybe Abernathy? No, it could just as well be Boon. Chick shook his head. This was one case that Nick would have to solve without his help.



Nick was saying, "Mr Boon, you are the obvious suspect. You stand to gain the most by your partner's death. You inherit the business."

Boon spluttered, "See here, my good man! To whom do you think you are speaking! I resent your accusation!"

Abernathy said, "Keep cool, Boon. He didn't accuse you. All he said was that you had a good motive and you do. Bland and you were always squabbling!"

Boon turned on Abernathy. "So! You think you can cast suspicion on me! Well, two can play at that little game! Perhaps Mr Carter would like to know that you are broke and that my late lamented partner had refused to pay you for your work on his silly room because the window didn't face due north or some such idiotic nonsense!"

This got a rise out of Vindex. "Pardon. It was not 'idiotic nonsense'! In order for Mr Boon's devotions to be transmitted properly while he was in the Parma position, the window had to face the north!"

"Ah," said Nick softly and Chick could feel the trap springing shut, "and what is the Parma position?"

Chick was suddenly conscious of a feeling of strain in the room. One of the three men had sucked in his breath in fear. But which . . . and why?

Vindex was on his feet. "I can demonstrate more easily than describe it in words."

"Please do." As Nick said this, his eyes flicked towards Chick. Chick could read the message as though Nick had spoken aloud. His eyes said, "This is it!"

Vindex squatted on the floor and drew his legs one over the other so that they were interlaced. It looked to Chick as though being a contortionist would help in this screwball religion.

Vindex said. "The start of the Parma is like this. It is called the seat of the Lily. From this position you have to move your body around. . . .

He suited the action to the word. He twisted his body and lowered his hands onto the floor in front of him. Slowly and seemingly with a lot of effort he straightened out his legs and slowly pushed them straight up in the air. Then he pushed up with his hands and he was standing on his head.

This time Chick knew who it was that gasped! It was Chick, for he suddenly saw the secret of the impossible death of Mr Bland.

While Vindex teetered feet in the air, head on the ground, Boon leaped to his feet. Chick's eyes went from Vindex' inverted body to the haggard face and deadly eyes of Boon.

Boon pulled a gun as he spoke. "All right, Carter! You've got me! I can see that you've figured it out . . . but it won't do you a bit of good! You're going to die! All of you! Stand up! Hands in the air!"

Boon's finger tightened on the trigger. It was Vindex who saved all their lives, for as he bent to turn and right himself onto his feet, he lashed out with one of his feet

and clouted the gun out of Boon's hand.

Instantly, Nick's body curved through the air in a low, flat leap that caught Boon in the middle and knocked all the fight out of him.

Nick's voice stopped and for the first time the members of the Inner Circle realized that they had been listening to one of the exploits of Nick Carter. It had all seemed so real that they felt as though they had been there along with Chick.



Beef suddenly said. "O.K. so I'm the dope. Everybody else seems to know what the gag is! I don't! Will you explain?"

Nick smiled. "Sure, Beef. The thing that had us worried was the fact that the bullet seemed to come from the floor which was impossible. The answer was that it came from the window. But, Boon fired down, while Bland was upsidedown, standing on his head!"

"Yipe!" said Beef. "I am a dope! What a cute scheme!"

As the boys and girls, members of the Inner Circle got to their feet, Nick spoke.

"Same time, same place, next month! Don't forget! I have a real doozy for you at the next meeting! So long everybody. . . ."

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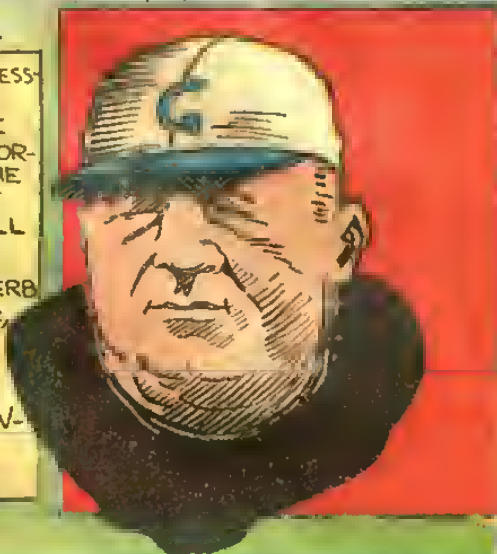
THE BASEBALL HALL OF FAME

JOHN J.
MCGRAW
"LITTLE NAPOLEON"



JOHN MCGRAW WAS SIGNED UP AS A PROFESSIONAL BASEBALL PLAYER WHEN HE WAS SEVENTEEN—HE WEIGHED ABOUT 155 POUNDS AND WAS 5 FEET, 7 INCHES—HE BATTED LEFT-HAND AND PLAYED 3RD BASE (THO' HE THOUGHT HE'D TURN OUT TO BE A GREAT PITCHER) MCGRAW WAS PLAYING ON THE CEDAR RAPIDS (IOWA) CLUB AS A YOUNGSTER, 18 YEARS OLD WHEN HIS STAR BEGAN TO RISE—

THE FIERY, AGGRESSIVE MCGRAW, WHO BECAME THE MOST COLORFUL, IF NOT THE GREATEST OF ALL BASEBALL LEADERS—HE WAS A SUPERB TEAM BUILDER, INSTRUCTOR, FIELD PILOT AND A MASTER SHOW-MAN.



ALL
COMPETITION



AFTER THE GAME I'M GOING TO SIGN THAT MCGRAW KID UP OR BUY HIS CONTRACT—HE'S A WONDER!

CEDAR RAPIDS WAS PLAYING THE FAMOUS CHICAGO WHITE STOCKINGS IN A SPRING EXHIBITION GAME IN 1891 WHEN THE NOTED OLD CAP ANSON OFFERED TO BUY THE BOYS' CONTRACT PRONTO—MCGRAW FINALLY WENT TO THE IMMORTAL BALTIMORE ORIOLES—NED HANLON BECAME MANAGER OF THE CLUB.

HANLON WAS THE REAL INVENTOR OF "INSIDE BASEBALL"—HE BECAME THE DADDY OF THE MANAGERIAL ART—UNDER HIS LEADERSHIP THE ORIOLES WON THE N.L. PENNANT IN 1894-'95-'96 AND JUST MISSED IT IN 1897 AND '98—WITH MCGRAW ON THE ORIOLES WERE SUCH STARS AS JOE KELLEY, HUGHIE JENNINGS, WEE WILLIE KEELER, WILBERT ROBINSON, ETC. THEY HAD TO BE GREAT—

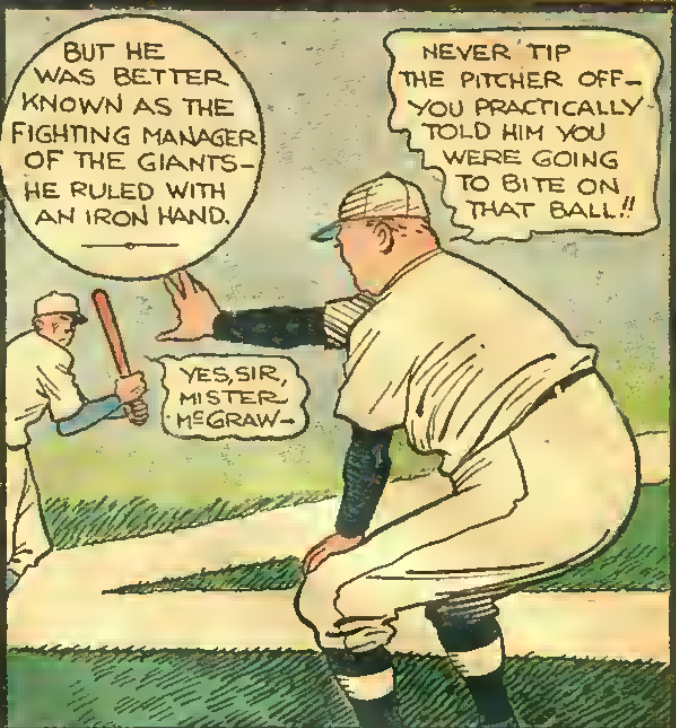
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JOHN J. MCGRAW

(CONT'D)



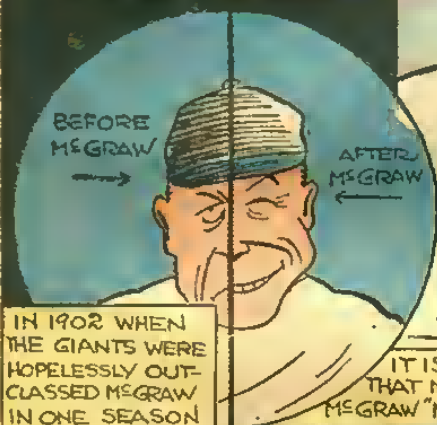
MODERN FANS ARE LIKELY TO FORGET MCGRAW'S GREAT RECORD AS AN ACTIVE PLAYER—FOR 8 SEASONS HE HIT OVER .300—HE SWATTED .340 IN 1894, .374 IN '95, .334 IN '98, .390 IN '99, .337 IN 1900 AND .352 IN '01—DURING 5 SEASONS HE STOLE A TOTAL OF 292 BASES.



BUT HE WAS BETTER KNOWN AS THE FIGHTING MANAGER OF THE GIANTS—HE RULED WITH AN IRON HAND.

NEVER TIP THE PITCHER OFF—YOU PRACTICALLY TOLD HIM YOU WERE GOING TO BITE ON THAT BALL!!

YES, SIR, MISTER MCGRAW—



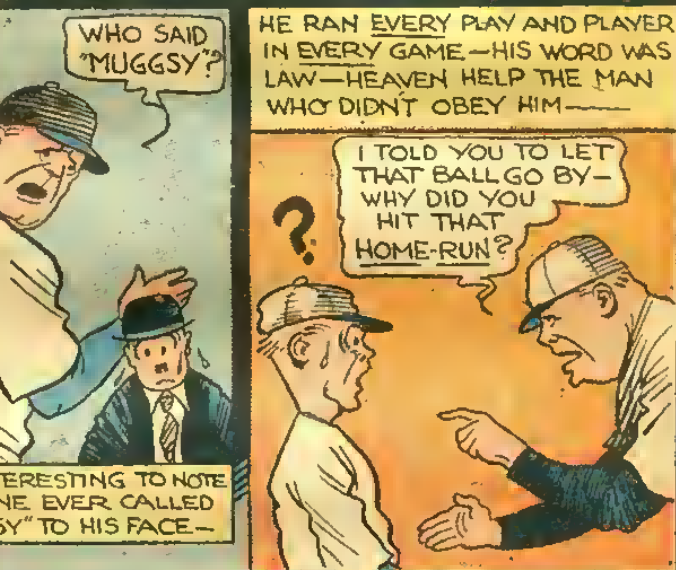
IN 1902 WHEN THE GIANTS WERE HOPELESSLY OUT-CLASSED MCGRAW IN ONE SEASON BROUGHT THEM UP TO A PROUD POSITION—THE GIANTS WON 4 STRAIGHT FLAGS UNDER HIM FROM 1921 TO 1924.

IT IS INTERESTING TO NOTE THAT NO ONE EVER CALLED MCGRAW "MUGGSY" TO HIS FACE—

HOW ABOUT PLAYIN' ON UNCLE JOHN'S TEAM, BOB?



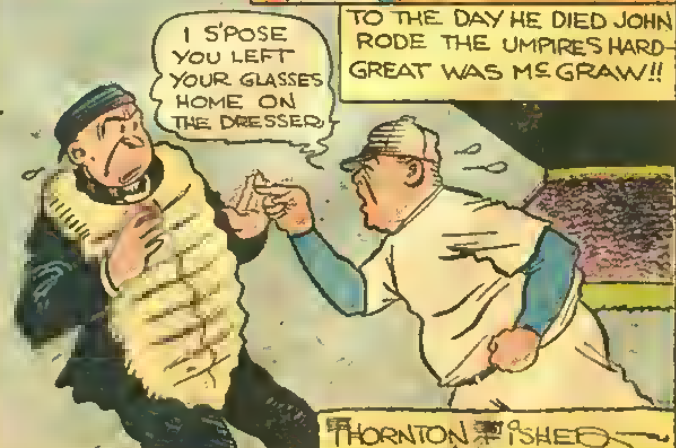
HE DISCOVERED AND DEVELOPED SCORES OF GREAT PLAYERS, AMONG THEM BILL TERRY, MELOTT, FREDDIE LINDSTROM, ETC.



WHO SAID "MUGGSY"?

HE RAN EVERY PLAY AND PLAYER IN EVERY GAME—HIS WORD WAS LAW—HEAVEN HELP THE MAN WHO DIDN'T OBEY HIM—

I TOLD YOU TO LET THAT BALL GO BY—WHY DID YOU HIT THAT HOME-RUN?



I S'POSE YOU LEFT YOUR GLASSES HOME ON THE DRESSER

TO THE DAY HE DIED JOHN RODE THE UMPIRES HARD—GREAT WAS MCGRAW!!

THORNTON FISHED





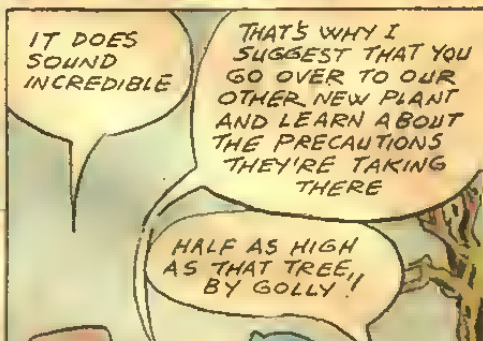
SO YOU HAVE NO IDEA WHAT CAUSED THIS DAMAGE?

NONE EXCEPT WHAT OLD DAD TOLD US AND IT'S MORE FANTASTIC THAN THE THING ITSELF

I TELL YOU IT WAS A GIANT DID IT—



A GIANT BIGGERN FIFTEEN FEET TALL, SO HELP ME!



IT DOES SOUND INCREDIBLE

THAT'S WHY I SUGGEST THAT YOU GO OVER TO OUR OTHER NEW PLANT AND LEARN ABOUT THE PRECAUTIONS THEY'RE TAKING THERE

HALF AS HIGH AS THAT TREE, BY GOLLY!



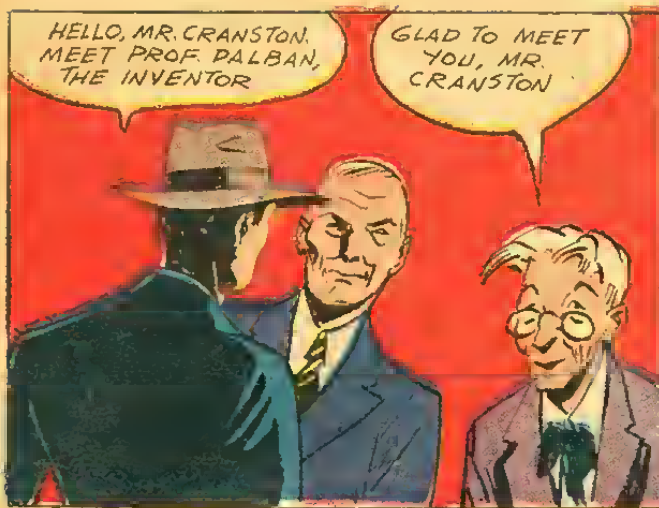
EVERYTHING LOOKS SPICK AND SPAN HERE

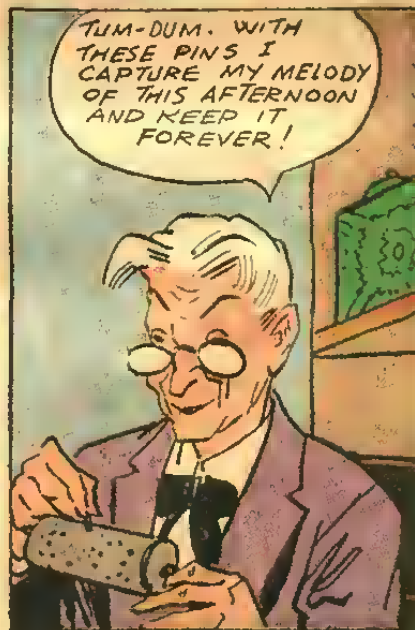
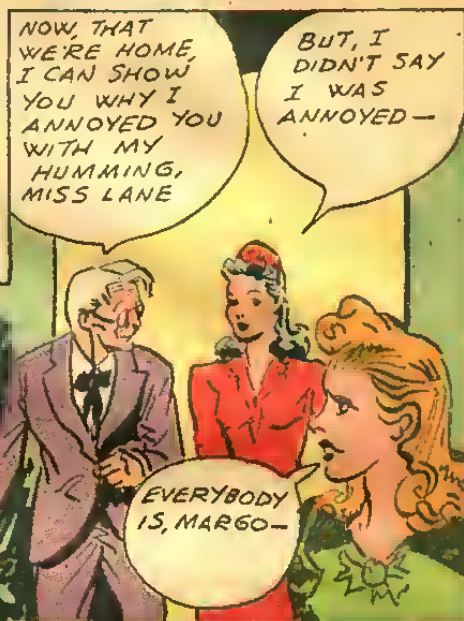
YES, BUT I NOTICE THEY HAVE GUARDS ON THE PLACE

UNDER-CONSTRUCTION
KEEP OUT



MR. CRANSTON, HUH? ALRIGHT, I'LL TAKE YOU TO THE SUPERVISOR







AND NOW YOU
WILL EXCUSE ME.
I MUST GO OUT
TO THE LABORATORY



IT'S UNCLE'S
LABORATORY.
THE TRUCK
BRINGS NEW
MATERIALS
FOR HIM TO
WORK WITH.
LET'S GO IN
AND PLAY THE
MUSIC BOXES

MY WHAT A
HUGE GARAGE!
IT'S LARGER
THAN THE
HOUSE!



WANT TO HEAR
SOME MORE,
MARGO?

YES, I'M
TRYING TO
CATCH THAT
ODD TUNE
YOUR UNCLE
COMPOSED
THIS AFTERNOON

TINKLE-
TINK-TINK.
TINKLE-
TINKLE-
TINK-



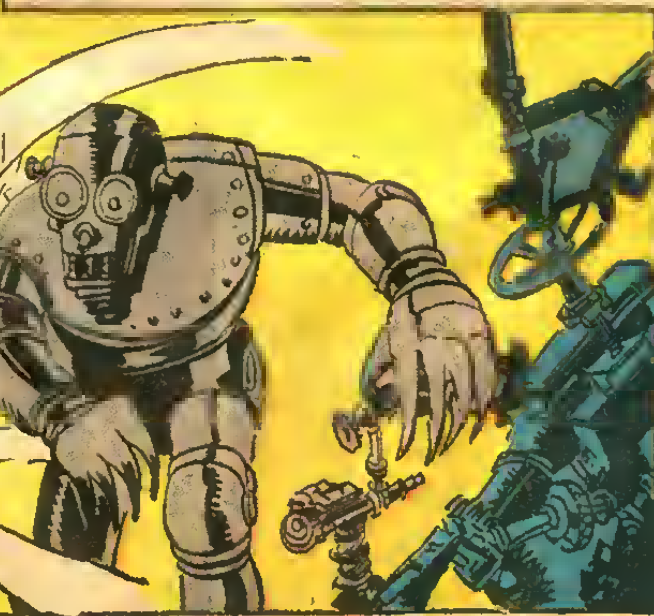
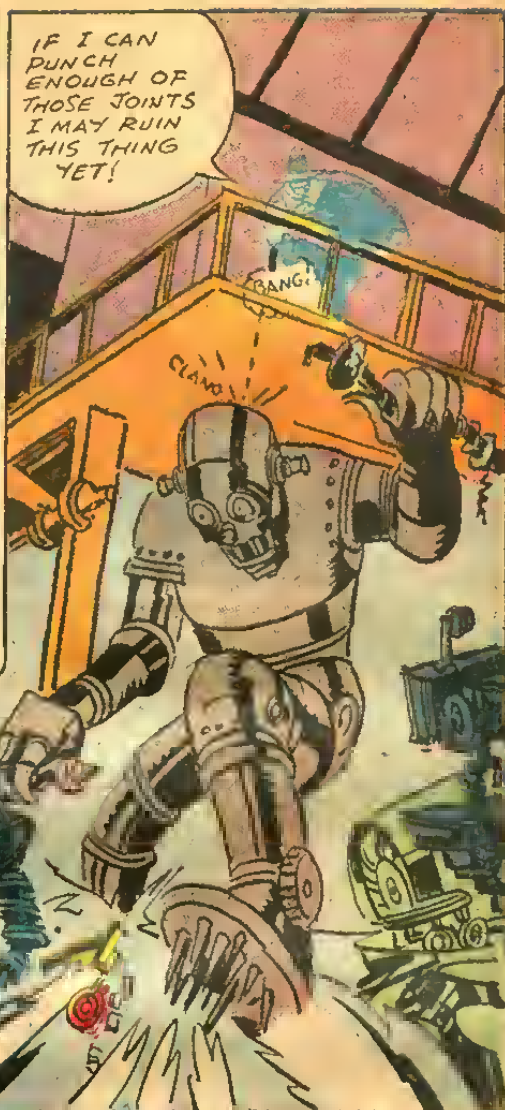
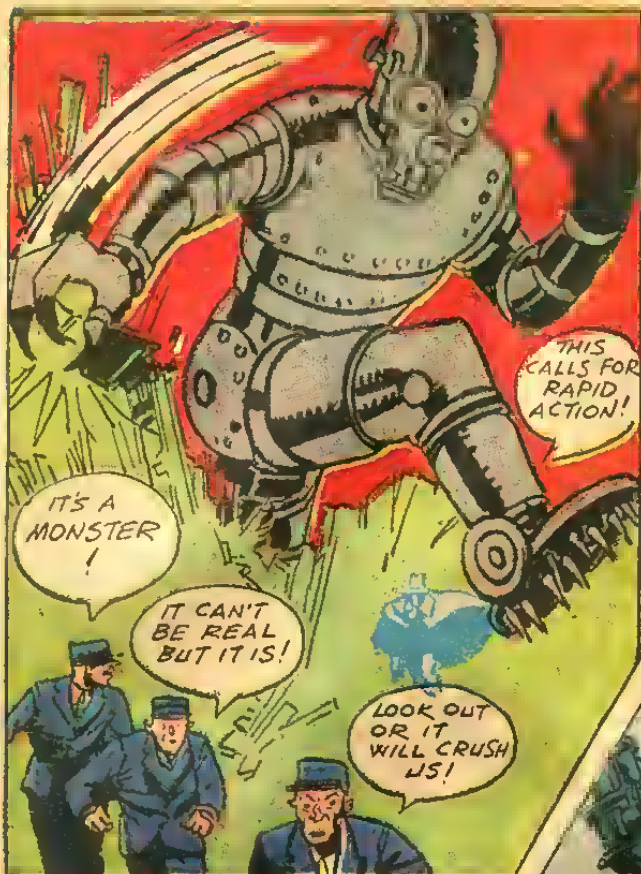
MEANWHILE...

IT'S GETTING DUSK,
THE TIME WHEN
THINGS MAY HAPPEN!



THE PLANT
LOOKS WELL
GUARDED, BUT
I STILL THINK
SOMETHING
CAN HAPPEN!

AND SOMETHING
IS DUE TO HAPPEN!
TURN THE
PAGE AND
LEARN !!!!!





NOT SUCH A TOUGH LANDING— BUT TO GET OUT OF HERE, I'LL HAVE TO HANDLE THESE BEAMS AS CAREFULLY AS JACK-STRAWS.



OUT AT LAST!



WHAT A WRECK! ODDLY ITS PATH SEEMS TO FIT WITH A CERTAIN TUNE! MAYBE I CAN TRAIL THAT ROBOT!



HELLO, UNCLE! MARGO HAS BEEN LOOKING FOR THE MUSIC BOX WITH THE NEW TUNE

ODDLY I CAN'T FIND IT

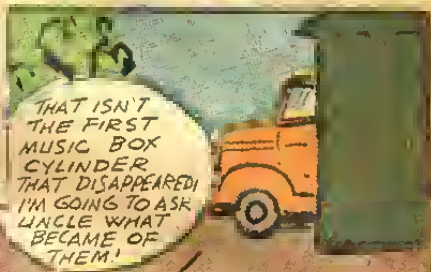
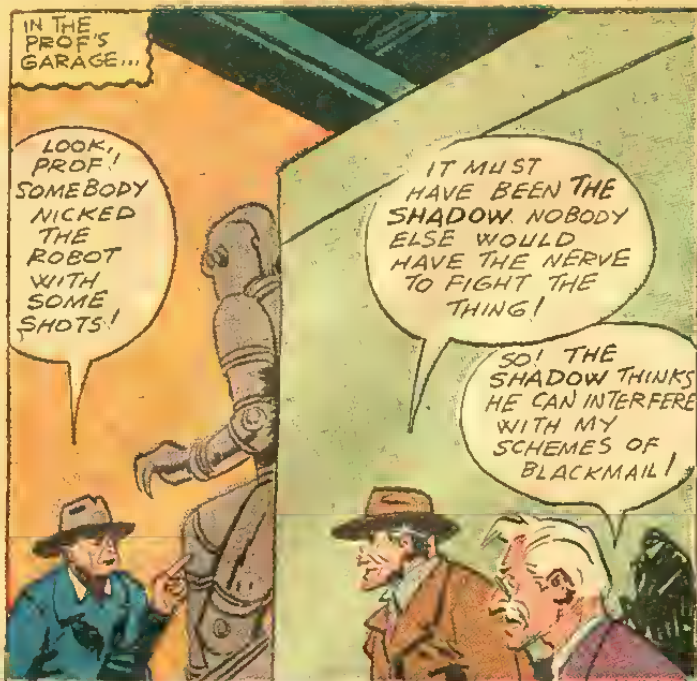
I'LL LOOK FOR IT LATER. I THINK I HEAR THE TRUCK COMING IN WITH ANOTHER SHIPMENT

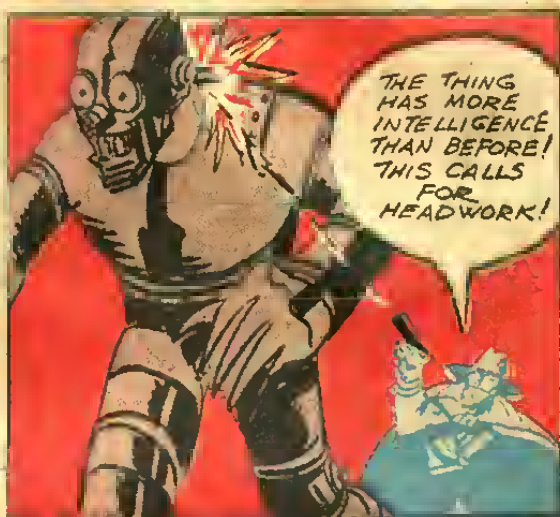
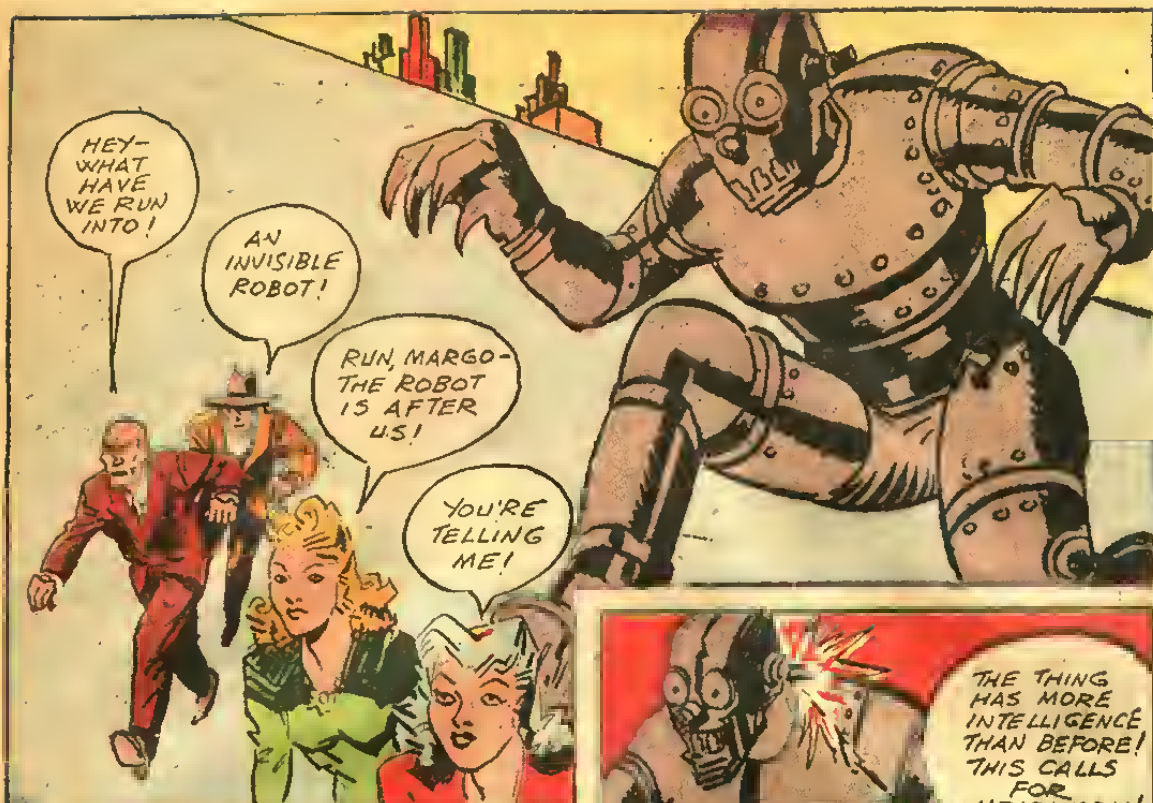


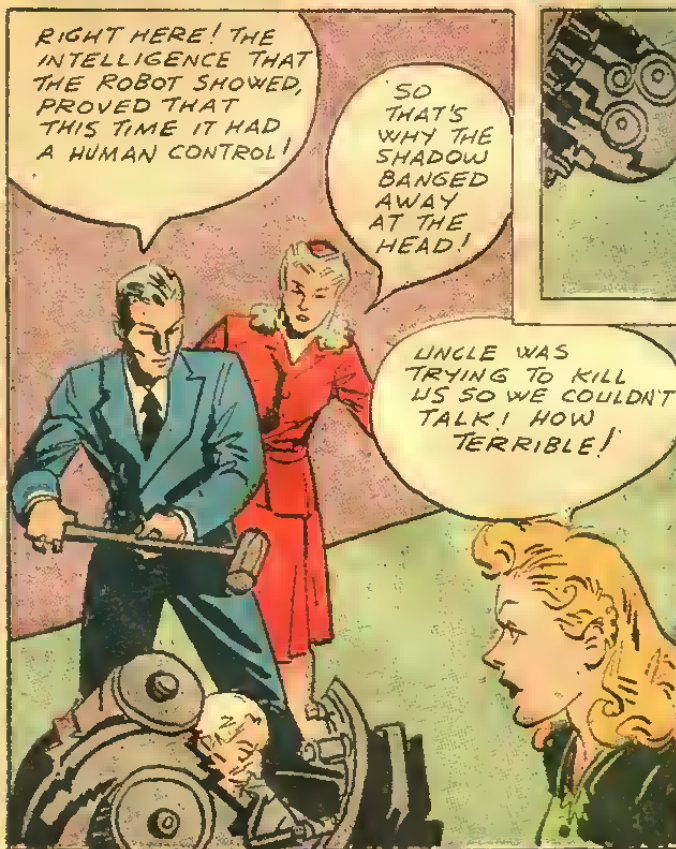
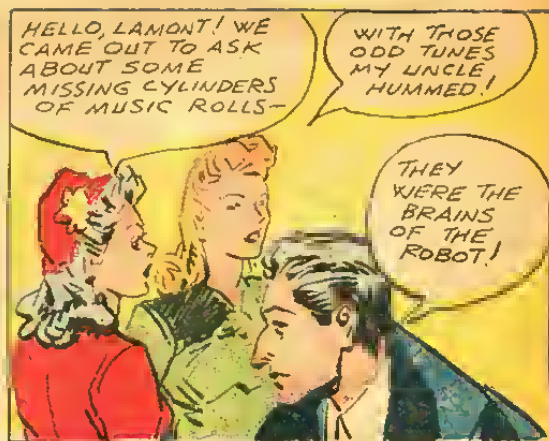
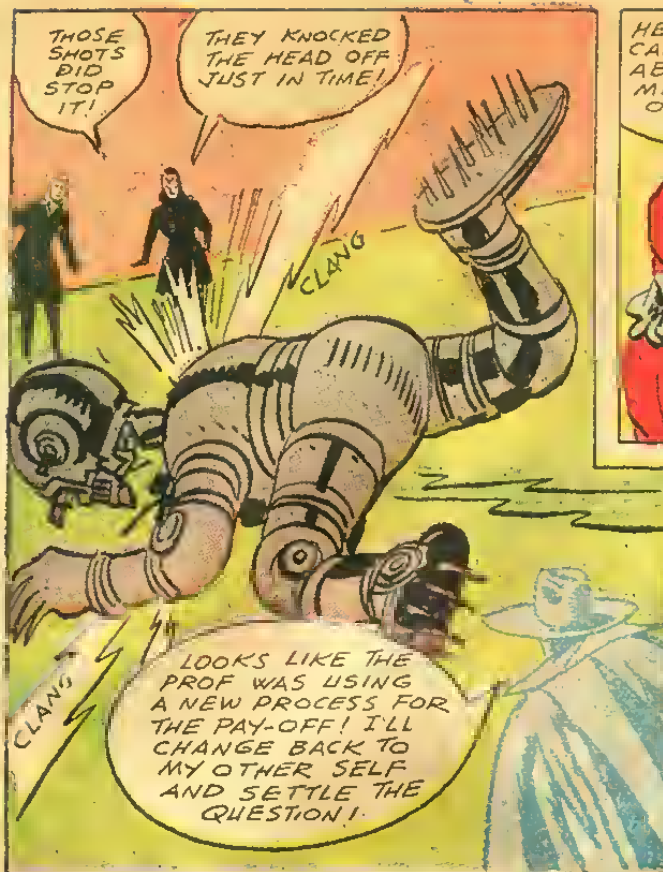
TINKLE- WINKLE- TINK-TINK- TINK-

THAT STILL ISN'T IT!

AND THAT'S THE LAST OF THE MUSIC BOXES!







THUS ENDS THE RIDDLE OF THE ROBOT MASTER, HIS CRIMES DEFEATED AND EXPOSED BY THE SHADOW !!!

**98 HOURS
TO THE
MOON!**

HOW IT WILL
BE DONE
IS TOLD IN

AIR ACE

ON SALE FEBRUARY 9th



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SUPER-MAGICIAN COMICS

ON SALE — THIRD TUESDAY OF EACH MONTH



"I'LL BE SEEING YOU!"

I'LL BE SEEING YOU all the way from here to hell and gone. I'll be seeing you as the lights fade down in the ship's belly tonight and everything that is "home" blacks out and there's nothing but the cold impersonal slap of the ocean against the portholes.

And I'll be seeing you as the artillery blasts shells over our heads, and the tanks shoulder past us on their way to "soften up" the enemy for our show—the doughboys' show. We're the ninth inning boys. Like my C.O. said—"You still got to crawl on your belly to get to Tokyo." We're the boys who have to get close enough to the enemy to stick a bayonet in him.

But why am I telling you all this, darling? You, my gentle little wife. Maybe it's because I'm scared—scared and lonesome *already*! I wish I could leap over there and start shooting right now, tonight. If I can only get the first shot over with in a hurry—get "baptized" quick—I'll be all right.

I'll be all right anyway. Because when my turn comes to move up to face that machine-gun chatter, I'll be seeing you. And when the traps and nests are all cleaned out and we've mopped up with the help of our planes, tanks and artillery—I'll be back. I've booked this ocean liner for a round trip. This is one doughboy that's coming back. I'll be seeing you . . . maybe.

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Colloids
Sulphur Compounds
Carbohydrates
Inorganic Acids
Sodium and Potassium Salts
Ammonium and Lithium Compounds
Compounds of Aluminum, Chromium and Iron
Arsenic, Antimony and Tin
Copper, Cadmium and Bismuth
Lead, Silver, Gold and Mercury
Petroleum Hydrocarbons
Alcohols
Phenols and Their Derivatives
Aldehydes and Ketones
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Name (Please Print)

Address

City Zone No. (if you know it)

State

Reference

Address

S. & S. Camels—1-4



KIDS! SEND SECRET MESSAGES

WITH THIS AMAZING

SECRET CODER

AND DE-CODER

for only

10¢

WITH SAFETY SEAL (Waxed Paper Covering)
ON JAR OF

Tootsie V-M





CIPHER MAKER and DE-CODER

NOW PLAY G-MAN . . . SEND CODE MESSAGES like soldiers do. New Coder and De-Coder makes it easy to send secret messages nobody but you and your side-kick can read. **HURRY**—get your valuable Secret Coder before they're gone. Supply limited.

YOURS Almost-a-Gift!

Offered so you'll try new Tootsie V-M. It's super-charged with vitamins and minerals—makes milk taste like chocolatey Tootsie Rolls. Ask mother to get Tootsie V-M.

Tune in **DICK TRACY** Mon. through Fri. See your newspaper for time and station.

● IF COUPON'S GONE . . . send one dime and Safety Seal (Waxed Paper Covering) on jar of Tootsie V-M, to Tootsie Rolls, Dept. S-6, Box 16, New York 11, N. Y. We'll rush you Secret Coder.

IMPORTANT . . . If your grocer can't supply Tootsie V-M, send 65¢. We'll mail you Secret Coder and full-pound jar of Tootsie V-M direct **all charges prepaid.**



TOOTSIE ROLLS, Dept. S-6
Box 16, New York 11, N. Y.

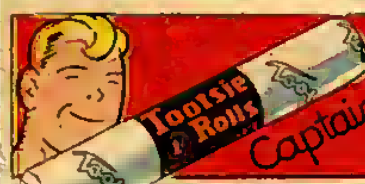
Rush me Secret Coder. I enclose dime and Safety Seal (Waxed Paper Covering) on Jar of Tootsie V-M.

NAME _____
PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY


STREET _____

CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____
IF ANY

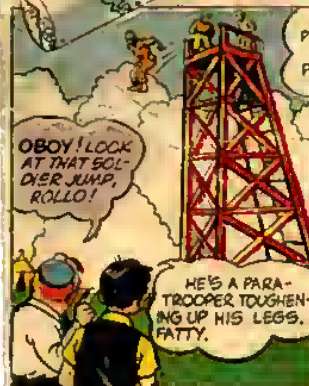
DON'T SEND STAMPS. OFFER ENDS December 31, 1945



Tootsie




Captain



OBOY! LOOK AT THAT SOLDIER JUMP, ROLLO!


HE'S A PARATROOPER TOUGHENING UP HIS LEGS, FATTY.

I'M GONNA PRACTISE UP AN' BE A PARATROOPER!




LATER... FATTY DOES A VERY FOOLISH AND DANGEROUS THING!

HELP!



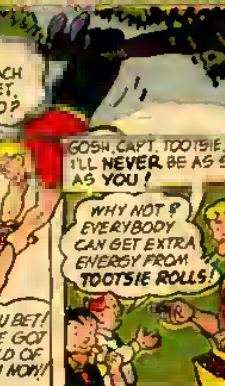
OH, OH! FATTY'S IN TROUBLE! I'LL TOOT FOR TOOTSIE!

WHEN ROLLO BLOWS HIS WHISTLE, CAPT. TOOTSIE SHOWS UP IN A FLASH!




WE'LL HAVE TO RESCUE HIM BEFORE THAT UMBRELLA BREAKS!

CAN YOU REACH HIM YET, ROLLO?



YOU BET! I'VE GOT HOLD OF HIM NOW!

GOSH, CAPT. TOOTSIE, I'LL NEVER BE AS STRONG AS YOU!



WHY NOT? EVERYBODY CAN GET EXTRA ENERGY FROM TOOTSIE ROLLS!